

No. 5789

PUNCH, NOVEMBER 6, 1951

VOLUME CCXXII



PUNCH

ALMANACK
FOR 1952





Do you light up your own good looks?

Not if you rely on a little lipstick and a lot of optimism. Begin each morning with the new Yardley Make-Up Base. Now even creamier than before, this lasting matt foundation prevents afternoon shine. Smooth it thinly over face and neck. Next cloud on Yardley Complexion Powder. Finally highlight your beauty with one of the nine vibrant shades of Yardley lipstick. Follow this simple routine and radiance is yours, reflected daily in admiring glances.

YARDLEY

LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK



Choose here



For everyone on your Christmas list there's a **RONSON** that's just right



...for outdoor people

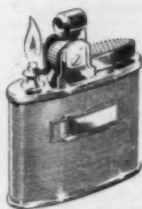
Ronson Whirlwind, with sliding windshield—stays alight in any weather. As shown 50/-. Other finishes from 43/6.



Press, it's lit—
Release, it's out!

...for a pretty girl

Ronson Princess, daintiest of Ronsons—fits the tiniest hand, the most crowded handbag. As shown 45/-. Other finishes from 38/6.



...for your nicest friends

Ronson Standard, precision-built and jewellery finished—a favourite with everyone. As shown 38/6. Other finishes available.



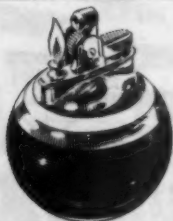
...for your favourite hostess

Ronson Diana Table Lighter, richly finished in heavy silver plate—a magnificent "from us both" gift. Price 73/6.



...for your wife

Ronson Queen Anne Table Lighter, finished in finely worked silver plate—a gift of lasting pleasure. Price 4 Gus.



...for men in business

Ronson Rondelight Desk Lighter, for study or office desk. Specially balanced, can't upset. As shown, 63/-. Other finishes from 52/6.

...for the busy husband

NEW Ronson Penlighter, a precision-built Ronson and a sleek propelling pencil in one—you light with it, write with it! In black or grey enamel, in handsome leather-covered presentation case, 70/-.

It lights...
It writes!



You give the best when you give a Ronson, jewellery finished and precision-built for lasting reliability. A Ronson is indeed a rich-looking, beautiful gift—a joy to give, a joy to get. See the full range of these handsome Ronsons at tobacconists and jewellers.



Give a **RONSON**

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION—LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK **RONSON**

Patents of this trade—Great Britain and Ireland, 214, Canada, 144, New South Wales, 24. Reg'd in the U.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1948.

SAY "Noilly Prat"

and your 'French' will be perfect!



Because... Today, like a hundred and fifty years ago, Noilly Prat Vermouth is still made only in France, from French grapes by master blenders in the traditional French way. Because it is real 'French', the Vermouth that marries so well with gin, that gives subtlety to any cocktail that calls for a 'French' accent.

Remember, too, that Noilly Prat is full strength, that's why it makes an intriguing aperitif on its own, either, neat, or with a splash. Try it.

NOILLY PRAT
REAL FRENCH VERMOUTH

IMPORTED BY WM. CHAS. ANDERSON & CO., 8 LIME STREET, LONDON, E.C.3



FINE OVERCOATS BY HECTOR POWE

*And the convenience
of monthly
subscription
payment facilities*

We invite you to enjoy the distinction and good value of Hector Powe tailoring with, if you prefer, the convenience of payment by an agreed monthly subscription. Please ask for details.

OVERCOATS—£14.0.0 to £26.0.0

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TAILOR
165, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1
And Principal Cities

★ Our Visiting Tailor Service covers the country.

Hector Powe Ltd



Picture him in Mentor

.....Take comfort in the thought of such launderable shirts, Sanforized by Mentor to keep their perfect fit..... see him in the styles he likes and see how long they wear.....

like father *like son* *like Mentor shirts*
W. M. MILLER & CO. LTD. ESTABLISHED 1877

All over the world where good taste and pleasure meet...

Dry Monopole
CHAMPAGNE

Sole representatives: Twiss & Brownings & Malles Ltd., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4

THE LAMP that puts the LIGHT where you want it!



TA189

THE ANGLEPOISE is flexible light itself. At a finger touch it takes any position you require and holds it. The light is concentrated on book, object or work not in your eyes . . . no eyestrain. Needs only a 25 or 40 watt bulb. In black, cream or cream-and-gold. All electricians and stores. From £4.19.6 (inc. p.t.)

THE TERRY *Anglepoise* LAMP

Sole Makers: HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD., REDDITCH • LONDON • MANCHESTER • BIRMINGHAM

Pat. all countries

CIGARS FOR CHRISTMAS—



choose
them wisely...

Make your choice the finest imported Jamaica. You'll get no finer cigars than these—no matter whence: and there's just a little more to it than that. Two virtues are peculiar to certain high-grade Jamaica cigars. Mildness— notable mildness— without sacrifice of character and flavour. And the very convenient attribute of being equally good to smoke in the smaller sizes. The wisest choice is still . . . La Tropical.

In cedar boxes of 10, 25 and 50. In cartons of 5. In all the usual sizes from 2 1/2 to 6 1/2. Also single in exclusive screw-capped aluminium tubes from 3 1/2 to 6 1/2.

LA TROPICAL DE LUXE
Finest Jamaica Cigars

Sole Importers:
Lambert & Butler of Drury Lane, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

Unruffled . . . Hair groomed with Silvifix Hair Cream adds remarkably to a man's sense of cool self-possession. For Silvifix really controls your hair . . . without gumming or greasiness . . . and lasts 3 to 4 times as long as other dressings. Obviously it's something rather better than usual.
4/6 a jar, including tax.





Overcoats

We have an excellent stock of ready-to-wear overcoats in a wide range of styles, materials and patterns.

MOSS BROS

OF COVENT GARDEN & CO. LTD.
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of Garrick and Bedford Streets, W.C.2

Temple Bar 4477

AND BRANCHES

Whether in
Kenya....



....or in
Khartoum

and wherever fine cigarettes are
appreciated....smokers choose



The House of STATE EXPRESS 210 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

MACKENZIE'S

FINO PERLA SHERRY

(PRODUCE OF SPAIN)



REGAL PORT

(PRODUCE OF PORTUGAL)

Tawny, Ruby or White



FROM YOUR WINE MERCHANT

"The Best of the Bunch"
20 EASTCHEAP LONDON E.C.3



NOT TICKLES & WALLOP



NOT KNUCKLES & HADDOCK



NOT SHACKLES & WEDLOCK

Month in month out we take
a lot of trouble with these advertisements
spelling Accles and Pollock's name rightly or wrongly
we have come to the conclusion you people just don't care
how you spell trouble started with the Directors
who are only human on Monday
they faced us with a complaint from the
postmaster about a letter addressed to
Messrs Mackerel & Pollack
ordering some tubular steel fishing
rods following a week's delay in the post
this raised quite a stink in the place but now
drifting back to you we want to ask you to
digest all this thoroughly so that things
can swim along nicely in steel tubes at
Accles and Pollock again with nobody
getting too fresh and no more funny business with names



NOT CACKLES & SHOTUP



NOT BOTTLES & HICUP

"Have you a trumpet handy?" is the title of
a book published by Accles & Pollock
which will be sent to anybody who
is seriously anxious to have
help through tubes.



NOT MACKEREL & POLLACK

All this...



and a 7 too!



NUMBER SEVEN

* Virginia Cigarettes 20 for 3/11
ALSO Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian



Why race?



It takes courage for a car manufacturer to go in for big international competitions.

It's a risk, a costly venture, something he's not called on to do.

And yet... we've entered for those strenuous rallies and big races with both the Javelin and the Jupiter.

Four days solid driving over icy winter roads and mountain passes to Monte Carlo—24 hours flat out speed at Spa and Le Mans prove a great deal. Prove these cars can beat the world's best in their class.

Regular racing since the war has given Jowett cars a rare refinement in handling—a subtle responsiveness—an enormous reserve of safety. Racing has dictated advances in design to chassis, engine, brakes, suspension—everything. You get the benefit when you get a Javelin.

The Javelin is a waste of money if you don't care what a car does. There's such a lot built into it that doesn't really show until you have one in your hands.

Top speed, electrically timed 80 m.p.h. Acceleration 0-60 m.p.h. in 22.4 seconds. ("The Autocar" Road Test, 1951). Horizontally opposed flat-four 50 B.H.P. Engine.

1951 IS JOWETT JUBILEE YEAR

MAJOR JAVELIN & JUPITER SUCCESSES

JAVELIN 1949

- 1st & 3rd—1949 Monte Carlo Rally—1½ Litre Class
- 1st—Austrian Touring Club Winter Trial—2 Litre Class
- 1st—Rheineck/Walzenhausen Hill Climb—1½ Litre Class Touring
- 1st—24 Hour Belgian Grand Prix, Spa—2 Litre Touring Class

1950

- 1st—Rallye des Haïges—(General Classification and 1½ Litre Class)
- 1st—Voies des Alpes Hill Climb—1½ Litre Class Experts

1951

- 1st—Swedish Winter Trial—General Classification

JUPITER 1950

- 1st—Le Mans 24 Hour Grand Prix d'Endurance—1½ Litre Class

1951

- 1st & 2nd—Monte Carlo Rally—1½ Litre Class
- 1st—Lisbon Rally—General Classification and 1½ Litre Class
- 1st—Bremgarten Sports Car Race—1½ Litre Class
- 1st—Rheineck/Walzenhausen Hill Climb—1½ Litre Class
- 1st—Le Mans 24 Hour Grand Prix d'Endurance—1½ Litre Class

1½ litre

JOWETT JAVELIN

take a good look when it passes you

Jowett Cars Limited · Idle, Bradford, Yorks.

BOOTA'S

DRY GIN

Definitely Superior!



BY APPOINTMENT
GIN DISTILLERS TO
H.M. KING GEORGE VI
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES
LIMITED

THE GIN WHICH HAS BEEN AWARDED THE BLUE SEALED CERTIFICATE OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC HEALTH AND HYGIENE

"I'd like a
Gin and VOTRIX"



Votrix is the perfect accompaniment to good Gin, and the result is very pleasing if you mix it correctly. Try two-thirds Gin and one-third Votrix, and you can't go wrong.

"So would I"

VOTRIX Sweet 10/- Dry 12/6

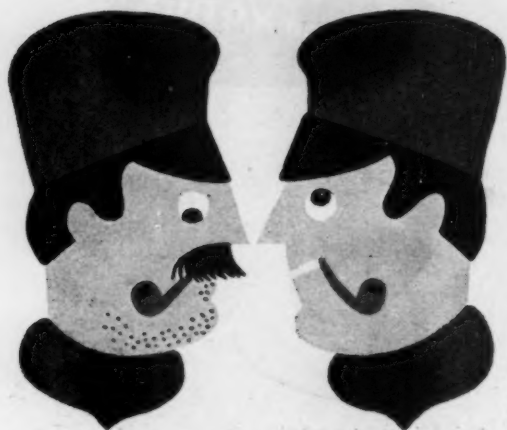
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in protection

Robert Hirst

Superlative Rainwear
at sensible prices
from most good outfitters

ROBERT HIRST & CO. LTD., HAMMERAIN HOUSE, HAMMERTON ST., BRADFORD
Write for address of your nearest stockist.

ALL OVER THE WORLD



Good mornings begin with Gillette

Those hard-headed people the Dutch
No longer find whiskers too much
Since Van Tromp and De Wet
Have discovered Gillette

*Every morning Blue Gillette Blades —
the sharpest in the world, precision teamed
with a Gillette Razor (they're made for
each other) — keep the chins of the nation
clean-looking, keen-looking, and*

Their faces are smoothed at a tutch.



10-BLADE PACKETS 2/8



20-BLADE DISPENSER 5/4

Blue Gillette Blades

Hints on Suit Buying

- by
Maenson



These are the things to look for when next you're buying a suit. Really good, hard-wearing cloth. A pattern that doesn't tire or date. A style and cut to fit your build. Above all, the Maenson label, which guarantees you all these qualities and much more besides.



A fine Cigar

Widely known as "the first cigar for the best days," Don Garcias are wrapped with the finest *Havana* leaf (see label on box) and made in five sizes. In boxes of 25 and smaller packings.



DON GARCIA

"The First Cigar for the best days"

In case of difficulty in obtaining Don Garcia write to Don Garcia Bureau, 11, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1 for name of nearest supplier.

How many

to Christmas ?



SCHWEPPEVERSCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Peach, Nov. 1911



CRAWFORD'S CREAM CRACKERS

WILLIAM CRAWFORD & SONS LTD., EDINBURGH, LIVERPOOL & LONDON

With Kep
for sauce you could  **eat a horse**



but better still try it with cheese, stew, ham, cold meats, fish or poultry. So many things taste nicer with Kep



Maconochies

Comfort in the home



Have the light where you want it, on your book or sewing. Use a Horstmann Lamp by your armchair, at your desk or bedside.

Attractively finished in beige, cream or black.

FROM YOUR RETAILER **£4-9-7**
 incl. Tax.

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 COUNTERPOISED LAMP

Manufactured by Hadrell & Horstmann Ltd., Farncombe, Surrey.

Why Ovaltine is Different from any other Food Beverage



WHEN, early this century, 'Ovaltine' was introduced to serve the cause of good health, it was unique . . . an original product. It readily won the support of medical men. It was adopted by Hospitals and Nursing Homes. It rapidly established itself in world-wide popularity.

'Ovaltine' still maintains its leadership . . . its essential differences. The differences concern the selection and proportions of its constituents, and the steps taken in the interests of quality. The 'Ovaltine' Farms were established to set the highest standards for the malt, milk and eggs used. The use of eggs in 'Ovaltine' is important, and so is its vitamin content.

For these reasons make delicious 'Ovaltine' your regular family beverage for promoting health and vigour—for helping to ensure natural, restorative sleep.

Remember . . . 'Ovaltine' offers you the highest possible quality at the lowest possible price.

Prices in Gt. Britain & N. Ireland,
 1/6, 2/6 & 4/6 per tin

P.812A





The pick of them all

Why do connoisseurs of Scotch Whisky name "Black & White" first? Because they know the special way "Black & White" is blended gives it a flavour and character all its own.

'BLACK & WHITE'

SCOTCH WHISKY

The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment
to H.M. King George VI.



Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

Does your overcoat last?

An overcoat is not a thing to buy once a year; it should go on and on. With this in mind, we offer you only good overcoats. Our prices are, at the moment, good too—because we bought ahead of the rise in wool. From travelling Ulsters in Crombie Fleece to lighter town overcoats, they are made to last



By Appointment
Naval Officers in
H.M. The King
ESTABLISHED 1785

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he's a

CRAVEN TOBACCO

man

CRAVEN TOBACCO gives a smooth, rich flavourful smoke. Fresh and fragrant, it burns evenly—slowly, and a deep satisfied feeling stays with you long after the last draw.

Obtainable in three blends—Craven Mixture 4/6 an oz.; Craven Empire de luxe Mixture 4/2 an oz.; Craven Empire Curly Cut 4/3 an oz.

FOR MEN WHO KNOW GOOD TOBACCOS





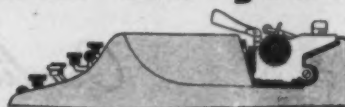
What kind of person are you?

If you are the kind of person who needs only the slenderest excuse to buy something good-looking and as efficient as it looks, don't come too near the Olivetti *Scribe* or you will be carried away. If, on the other hand, you have any amount of writing to do, business-wise

or otherwise, then this is the typewriter for you. It has all the refinements of an office typewriter yet, complete with case, it weighs a mere 10 lb.! Behind the Olivetti *Scribe* is a world-wide reputation and service, plus the Olivetti flair for fine design and workmanship. Price, complete with case, £29 10s. 0d. Call and see it at the Olivetti showroom in Berkeley Square, or write for illustrated leaflet and names of authorised dealers.

olivetti *Scribe*

BRITISH OLIVETTI LTD., SALES & EXPORT: 10 Berkeley Square, London, W.1. GPO #161
 TYPEWRITERS: Standard · Electric · Portable
 PRINTING CALCULATORS · ADDING/LISTING MACHINES



The *Scribe* — beautifully designed, slim and compact. Total weight in handsome case, 10 lb.

The *Scribe* gives you a choice of 3 different type-faces:

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Among the 'full-size' features of the Olivetti *Scribe* are:

- ★ KEY-SET TABULATOR
- ★ PERSONAL TOUCH TUNING
- ★ SEGMENT SHIFT
- ★ ACCELERATING TYPE-BAR ACTION
- ★ PLASTIC KEYS



By Appointment
Gin Distillers
to H.M. King George VI

*Quality
Incomparable*

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

Maximum Prices: Per Bottle 33/9; Half-Bottle 17/7
Quarter-Bottle 9/2; Miniature 3/7. U.K. only

*Health
Brand*



FINE SHOES FOR MEN by

Crockett & Jones

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For Ladies' Shoes by CROCKETT & JONES, LTD., Northampton, ask for *swan* brand

CVS-32

**Kentish Sacks
not
Sacks of Kent***

★ The Aylesford mills of the Reed Paper Group, where the toughest Kraft paper is made, are on the left bank—the Kentish bank—of the River Medway. It is here in the Reed factory estate—and from this paper—that multi-wall sacks are produced by the million to meet the packaging needs of British industry. And it is here also that we have developed the most modern sack-filling machinery in the world.

MEDWAY PAPER SACKS
Reed PAPER GROUP
DIVISION OF THE
MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LIMITED
LARKFIELD • NEAR MAIDSTONE • KENT



THE SYMBOL OF MODERN PACKAGING



At Christmas . . .

a man will go to any lengths

Christmas morning—and no Four Square? That prospect would dismay any pipe-lover! So the wise man makes plans. Nothing is left to chance. A gentle hint that Four Square is of all gifts the most acceptable—and among the least expensive . . . A plain clue, in the form of a tin (emblazoned with squares of your favourite colour) displayed for all to see . . . And to make assurance doubly sure, a private stock laid in—certain that, should your fondest dreams come true, and Four Square be every giver's choice, in the vacuum tin this grand tobacco will keep its freshness and flavour for many, many months to come.

FOUR SQUARE

MIXTURES

Original Mixture (Blue) 4/5½d. oz.
Empire-de-luxe-Mixture
(Green) 4/1½d. oz.

MATURED VIRGINIA

Original (Red) 4/5½d. oz.
Ready Rubbed Fine Cut
(Red) 4/5½d. oz.

CUT CAKE (Yellow) 4/1½d. oz.

RIPE BROWN NAVY CUT
(Brown) 4/1½d. oz.

CURLIES cut in discs
(Purple) 4/1½d. oz.

DOBIE OF PAISLEY make
Four Square. Blended from choice
leaf with unmatched skill, and
vacuum packed fresh from the
blender's table, it is good to the last
pipeful, burns cool and sweet to the
last shred. No wonder that men
the world over have made Four
Square a friend for life!

VACUUM PACKED TOBACCOS

by Dobie of Paisley



A HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

and as much
RED HEART
as possible
in 1952



10½d.
per can



A PRODUCT OF JOHN MORRELL & CO. LTD., LIVERPOOL & LONDON

CVS-228

*Sawing
Wood
Saw it
better
see the
ENGINE'S
made by
PETTER*



Petrol, vaporizing oil and
diesel from 1½ h.p. to 40
h.p.—air and water cooled.

PETTERS LIMITED · STAINES · MIDDLESEX

RATTRAY'S TOBACCO'S OLD GOWRIE

is preferred by those who seek the abounding graciousness of the stamper
luxuries, to whom the average best is far from good enough, those
who are meticulous in their tastes yet warm in their appreciations.
Old Gowrie is prepared from the finest and purest Virginia leaf by
craftsmen steeped in a century-old house tradition that will not admit
the sacrifice of quality for time.

Or for those who prefer the piquancy and charm of a mixture

7 RESERVE

is a blend of abiding merit especially prepared for those who seldom
lay down their pipes. No fewer than seven Virginian and Oriental
tobaccos each add their quota of mellowness, of aroma and of piquancy
towards a final synthesis of unadulterated satisfaction. And the pa'se
of the most constant smoker remains undulled. Like all Rattray
tobaccos, 7 Reserve is skilfully prepared by hand in the manner of
yesteryear.

A customer writes from
Widmer, E. Yorks—

'May I again express my
appreciation of the ex-
cellence of your tobacco. I
have been a pipe smoker
for nearly fifty years and
have tried many kinds.
Yours is supreme.'



A customer writes from
Dorset—

'I am not in the habit of
writing testimonials, but I
am getting so much pleasure
in smoking your tobacco,
that I feel under the
obligation to write and tell
you so.'

To be obtained ONLY from
CHARLES RATTRAY
Tobacco Blender, PERTH, SCOTLAND

Price 7½d. per lb. Post Paid. Send 12½ for sample quarter-pound tin, Post Free.

Gale Warning

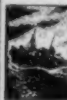


Every time
your wire-
less pro-
gramme is
interrupted
by a "Gale
Warning"
think of the Lifeboatmen. They
may be answering a call of
distress.

The Lifeboat Service is entirely
supported by voluntary contribu-
tions. Your help is needed.

**ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION**
4 GROSVENOR GARDENS
LONDON, S.W.1

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C.V.O., V.D., Treasurer.
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*It pays
to say*



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PETROLEUM PRODUCTS**

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CONSUL

*Here are just five of the reasons why
Ford hold so commanding a lead in
British Motoring:—*

- ★ **THE FORD FACTORY** at Dagenham is the only completely self-contained unit in the British Motor Industry.
- ★ **FORD DEALER SERVICE** is supreme for efficiency, speed, and economy.
- ★ **FORD PRODUCTS** are economical to purchase, to run and maintain.
- ★ **GENUINE FORD SPARE PARTS**, available at Ford Dealers, carry the same guarantee as the originals.
- ★ **FORD LEADERSHIP** is more than ever exemplified by the new 'Five-Star' cars, the 'Consul' and 'Zephyr-Six'.

Ford

Motoring is '5-Star' Motoring
THE BEST AT LOWEST COST

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED • DAGENHAM

THE QUALITY SOFT DRINK



"M'amselle—so French—such
elegance—craves not her

native wine—in England

now, she's made a vow—

it's **IDRIS**
every time!



TRY IT YOURSELF and taste the difference . . .

Lemon, Orange, Lime, Grape Fruit—Squashes 2/- per bottle



**Light-hearted
waking!**

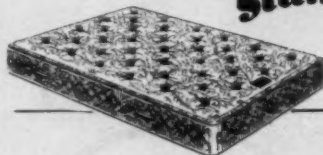
How fresh you feel as you wake from each
night of quiet, untroubled Slumberland sleep!

Today new Slumberlands are more comfortable
than ever. Now these non-utility mattresses have
Ortho-flex springing. So deeply resilient, so responsive,
it cradles you naturally, however you lie. As you sleep,
every tired part of you is rested.

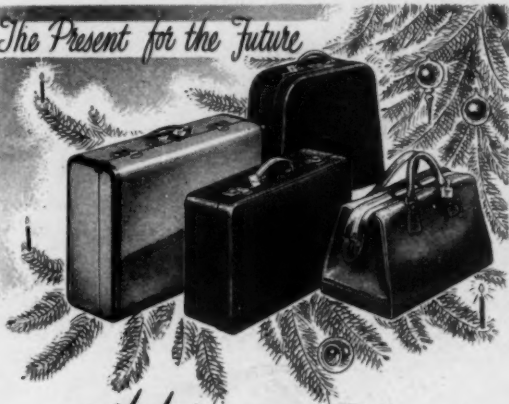
There's a lifetime of better sleep in a

Slumberland

Look for the label,
it is your five year guarantee



The Present for the Future



...ask for

ANTLER

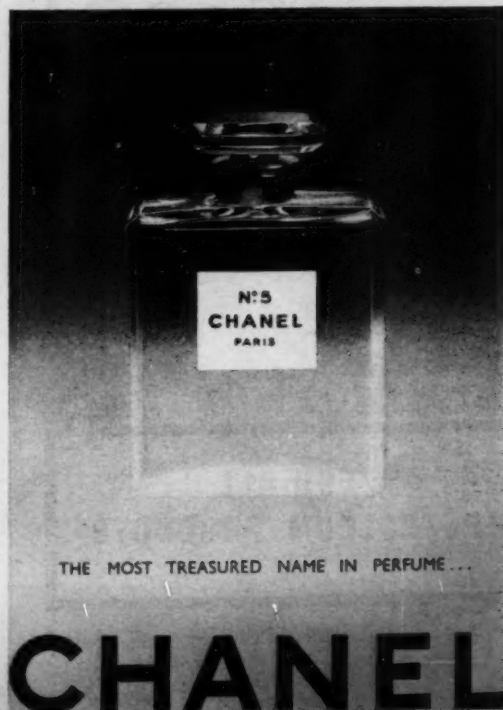


The most distinguished name in Travel Goods

What better choice, than an ANTLER
Case—a gift to give lasting pleasure,
which so well conveys the sincerity
of Christmas Wishes.

From ANTLER Authorized DEALERS

J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM, 3



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME . . .

CHANEL

Punch, November 5, 1933



Definitely top draw !..

Mackintosh's 'Quality Street'

REGD

A DELICIOUS ASSORTMENT OF TOFFEES AND CHOCOLATES

JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD. - HALF PAX - YORKS

This England . . .



Gold Hill, Shaftesbury

AIDED by the powerful ealdormen of Mercia, Wilts and Somerset, Alfred the Great inflicted on the Danes those shattering defeats which may well have saved all Western Europe. Then in his programme of consolidation rebuilt on a hilltop the stronghold town of Shaston, walled around. Within was founded the vast abbey whose structure formed part of the perimeter defence. For monks were no mere recluses but active in affairs. Their trained and vigorous minds added not only to scholarship but to men's daily pleasure from such crafts as husbandry and brewing . . . Indeed they were monks who first found in Burton waters their incomparable virtues. And helped to raise the great ale of England to such an excellence that our sturdy Saxon forbears would have rejoiced in the draught that is yours today, when you call for Bass or Worthington.



BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Martovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



Marcovitch

BLACK AND WHITE

cigarettes for Virginia smokers
25 for 5/5

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**
SMOKING MIXTURE
2 oz. tin 9/6

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD

'Celanese'
Ties



Generously cut from luxurious materials, 'Celanese' Ties are available at most outfitters, in a wide variety of tasteful and self colours.

UNDERWEAR · SPORTS · SHIRTS · TIES

royal

The only all-leather shoe
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF
LOTUS Veldtschoen



SHOES—NOW 115/-

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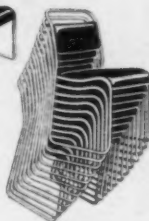
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19th June 50.

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Sincerely yours,

The original letter can be inspected at, and further enquiries addressed to, The Barneys Sales Bureau, 24 Holborn, E.C.1

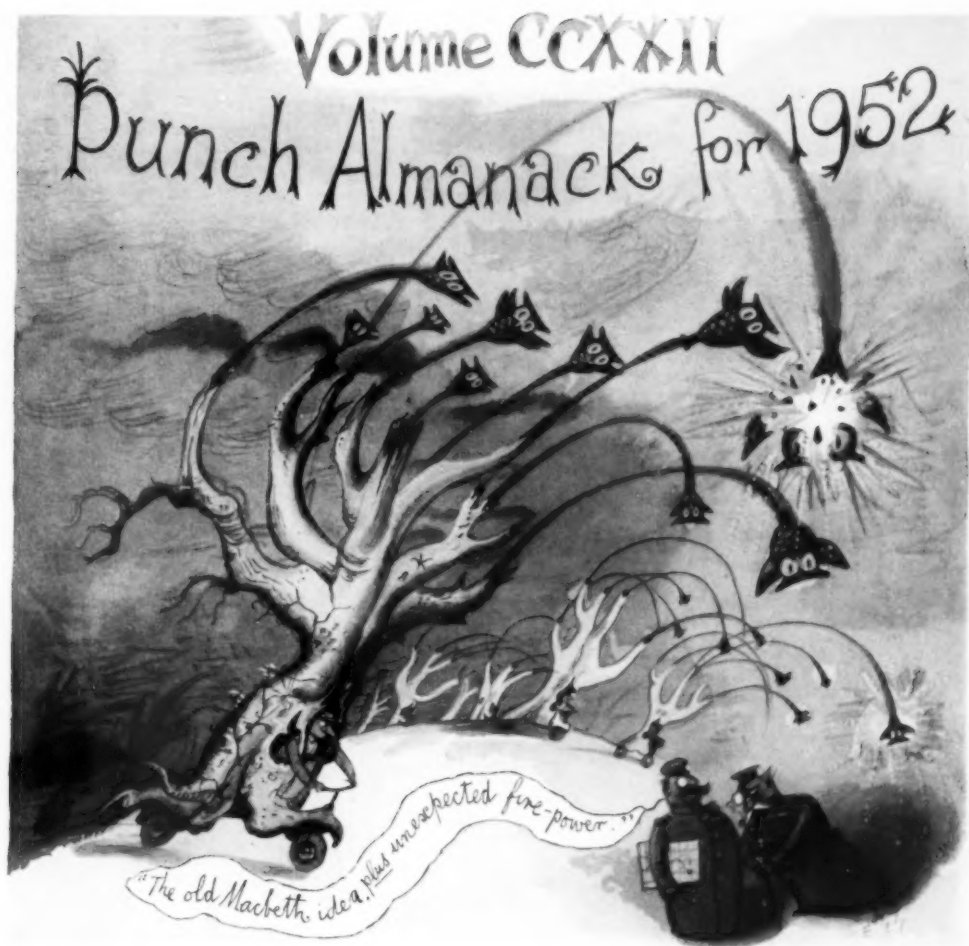
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JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH	APRIL	MAY	JUNE
# ... 6.13.29.27	# ... 3.10.17.24	# ... 2.9.16.23.30	# ... 6.13.20.27	# ... 4.11.18.25	# ... 1.8.15.22.29
M ... 7.14.21.28	M ... 4.11.18.25	M ... 3.10.17.24.31	M ... 7.14.21.28	M ... 5.12.19.26	M ... 2.9.16.23.30
TU ... 1.8.15.22.29	TU ... 5.12.19.26	TU ... 4.11.18.25...	TU ... 1.8.15.22.29	TU ... 6.13.20.27	TU ... 3.10.17.24...
W ... 2.9.16.23.30	W ... 6.13.20.27	W ... 5.12.19.26...	W ... 2.9.16.23.30	W ... 7.14.21.28	W ... 4.11.18.25...
TH ... 3.10.17.24.31	TH ... 7.14.21.28	TH ... 6.13.20.27...	TH ... 3.10.17.24...	TH ... 1.8.15.22.29	TH ... 5.12.19.26...
F ... 4.11.18.25...	F ... 1.8.15.22.29	F ... 7.14.21.28...	F ... 4.11.18.25...	F ... 2.9.16.23.30	F ... 6.13.20.27...
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JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER	OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER
# ... 6.13.20.27	# ... 3.10.17.24.31	# ... 7.14.21.28	# ... 5.12.19.26	# ... 2.9.16.23.30	# ... 7.14.21.28
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W ... 2.9.16.23.30	W ... 6.13.20.27...	W ... 3.10.17.24...	W ... 1.8.15.22.29	W ... 5.12.19.26...	W ... 3.10.17.24.31
TH ... 3.10.17.24.31	TH ... 7.14.21.28...	TH ... 4.11.18.25...	TH ... 2.9.16.23.30	TH ... 6.13.20.27...	TH ... 4.11.18.25...
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S ... 5.12.19.26...	S ... 2.9.16.23.30...	S ... 6.13.20.27...	S ... 4.11.18.25...	S ... 1.8.15.22.29...	S ... 6.13.20.27...



NORMAN MANSBRIDGE

"Anybody want to switch on the electric mixer and wish?"

FOR YOUR DELIGHT

"In winter, when the fields are white,
I sing this song for your delight."

Humpty Dumpty

*I*n winter, when the fields are white,
And crystals sparkle in the moon,
I sing this song for your delight.
Prepare to be delighted soon.

For to enjoy my coming lay
Windows should barred and
shuttered be.
Shut out the bleak and dismal day
Before you settle down to tea;

And as you munch the buttered
toast
And sip the brown and tonic brew,
I'll wish you what you wish the
most.
It is the proper thing to do.

I wish you anything you wish.
For you (that have a certain girth)
I wish you turkey on the dish
And gay and gastronomic mirth.

I wish you brandy in a glass
Huge as Montgolfier's balloon,
Wherein your noble nose may pass
And sniff until the senses swoon.

I wish you anything you please.
For you (that have the fare to go)
I wish you Switzerland and skis,
The powdered and the perfect
snow.

For you (who rise when other men
Mount slowly up the stairs, and
yawn)
I wish the wild goose on the fen,
The loading of the guns at dawn.

For you, most venturesome of cocks
(The phrase is Jorrock's, not
mine),
I wish the hunting of the fox,
Succeeded by the ruby wine.

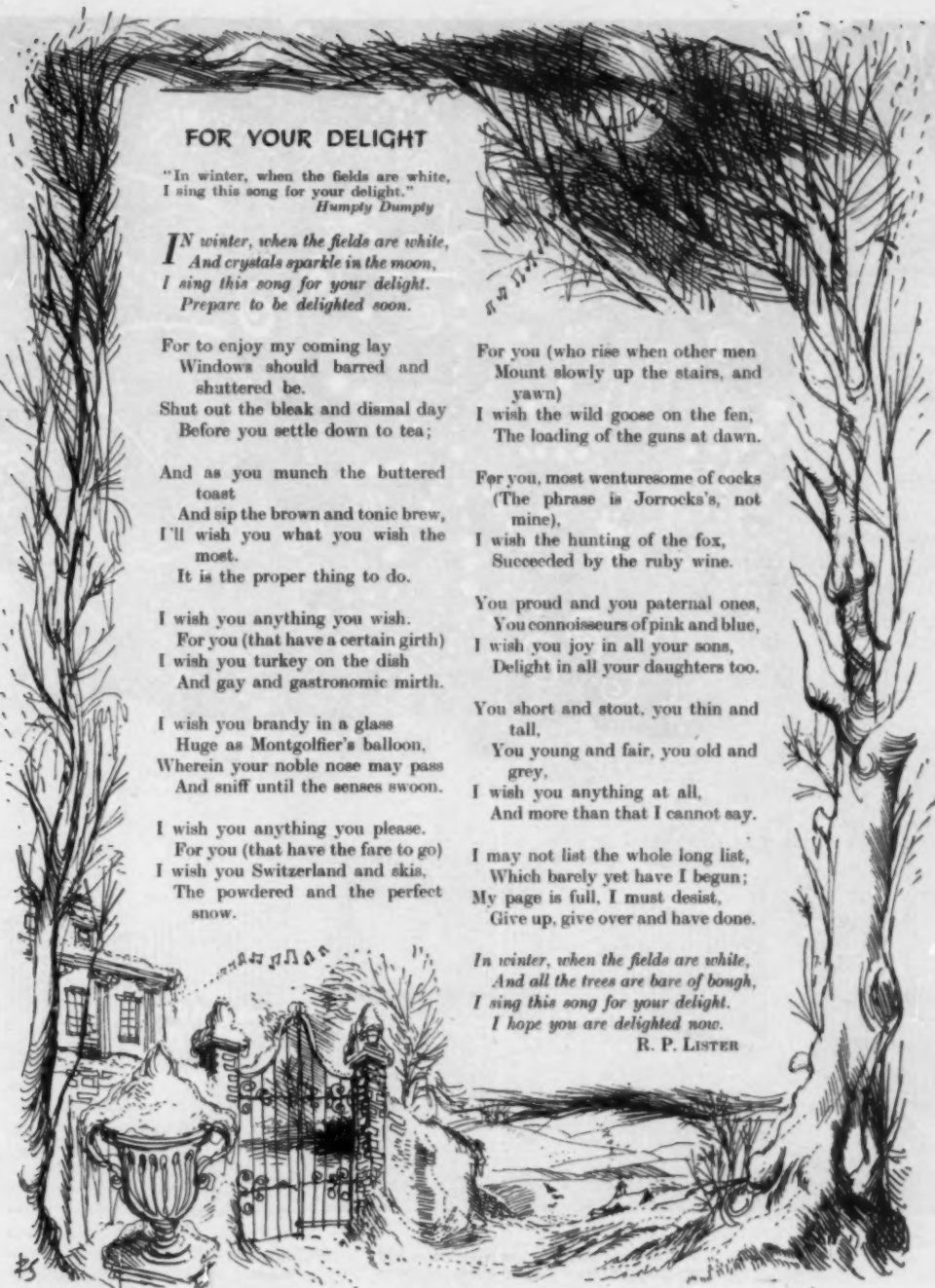
You proud and you paternal ones,
You connoisseurs of pink and blue,
I wish you joy in all your sons,
Delight in all your daughters too.

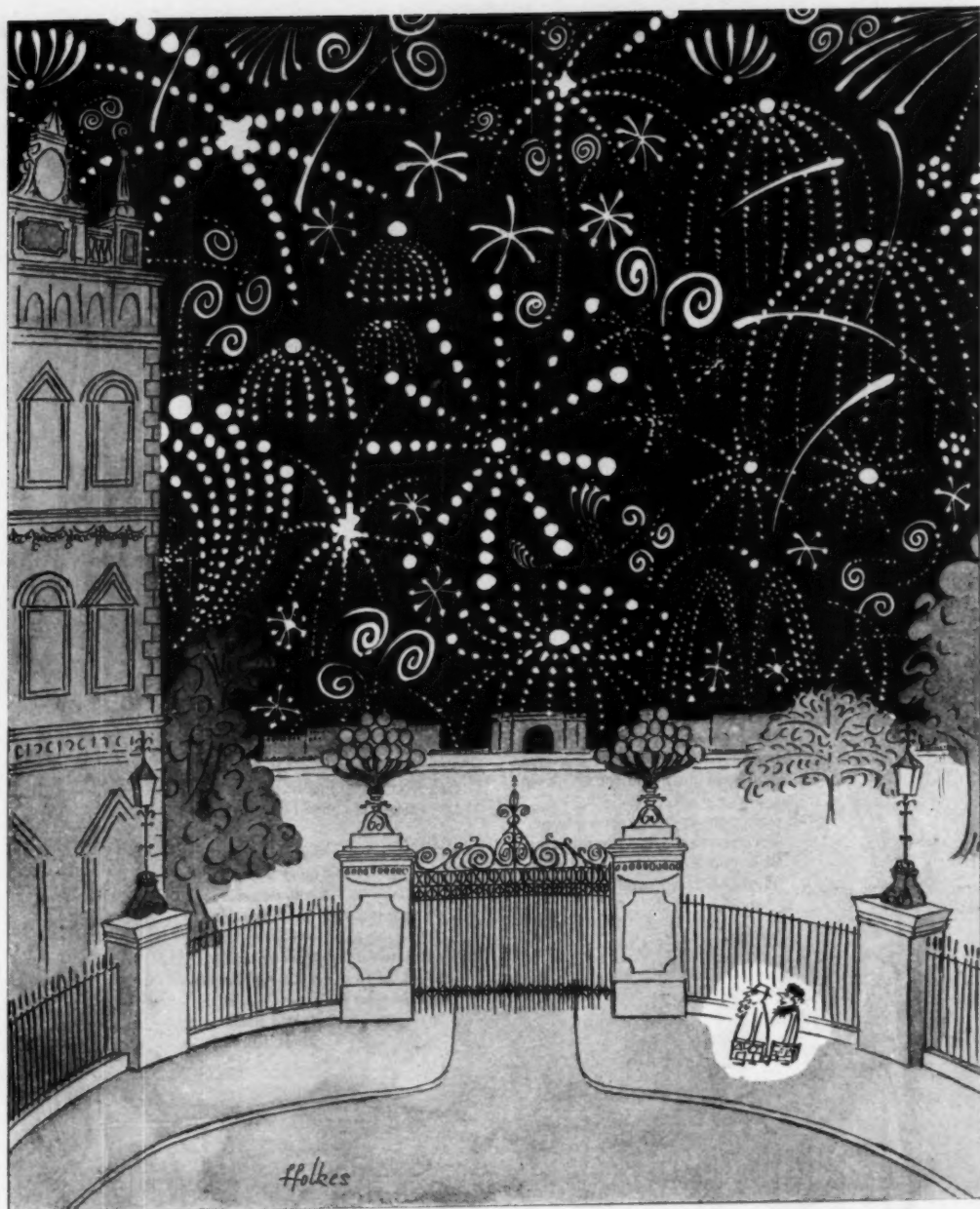
You short and stout, you thin and
tall,
You young and fair, you old and
grey,
I wish you anything at all,
And more than that I cannot say.

I may not list the whole long list,
Which barely yet have I begun;
My page is full, I must desist,
Give up, give over and have done.

*In winter, when the fields are white,
And all the trees are bare of bough,
I sing this song for your delight.
I hope you are delighted now.*

R. P. LISTER





"It's exactly as I remember it, except for the fireworks."

THE LUCKY ONE

OF my Great-aunt Susan's two daughters the elder, my Aunt Clara, was always known as the lucky one. Auntie George may have been more capable, more conscientious, and more intelligent; but she was no match for her mother, and she was defenceless in face of her sister's tinkling laugh and effortless egotism. In their duets at the piano it was always Aunt Clara who sang the soprano part—or "tune" as we called it—whilst Auntie George mood around in the contralto regions in a way which made people smile. No one of course ever said that Auntie George was unlucky; not even when Aunt Clara married the young man whom Auntie George had met at the church bazaar; nor even when it became clear that it was Auntie George's duty to stay at home and "look after mother." Misfortune, especially other people's, was something that the family regarded stoically.

It was about the time of Aunt Clara's marriage that Auntie George acquired the name which replaced the one she had been given in baptism. Great-aunt Susan, upon whom weddings always had an unsettling effect, decided that *Dorothea* was unsuitable, and changed it forthwith to *George*, in memory of one of her ne'er-do-well brothers who had recently died in the Antipodes. Auntie George made no effective objection. As a family we had our own ways in the matter of names.

We started of course at some advantage, with the two main branches of the family surnamed Moodie and Bang, and the selection of Christian names was in the main quite orthodox apart from a tendency to be one or two generations behind, or ahead of, the times; thus we could always count upon a certain amount of notoriety by having the wrong kind of name according to the prevailing fashion.

There were exceptions, naturally enough, such as the unfortunate son and daughter of poor Auntie Horace, who were christened Porlock and Klopstock respectively, for reasons

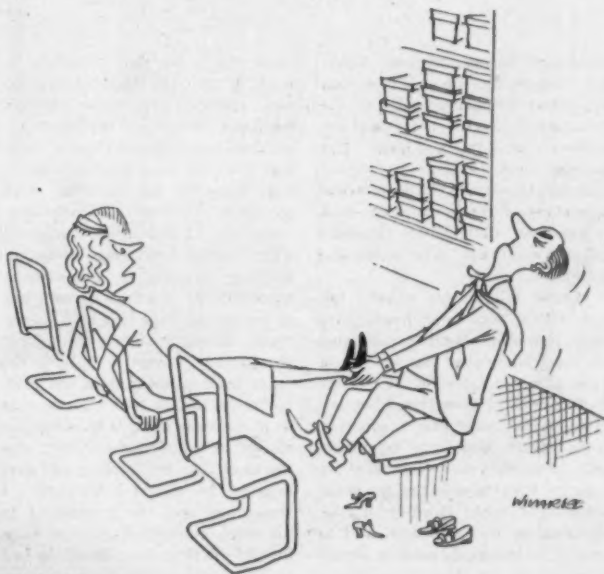
only fully known to their father; and there was Boadicea; but on the whole the Moodies and the Bangs followed the practice of ordinary families on these occasions, endeavouring to get as far away as possible from their own detestable names.

The slightly bizarre quality which strangers were apt to detect in the family nomenclature was due to other causes, some of them accidental. Aunt Bitty, for example, owed her name to an alleged attempt on the part of my twelve-month-old Cousin Herbert to pronounce her baptismal name, Virginia; another aunt adopted the name of Cora, in her forty-third year, because she thought it suited her. Such was the work of time and chance, and on the whole it was not inept. The other influence was more deliberate.

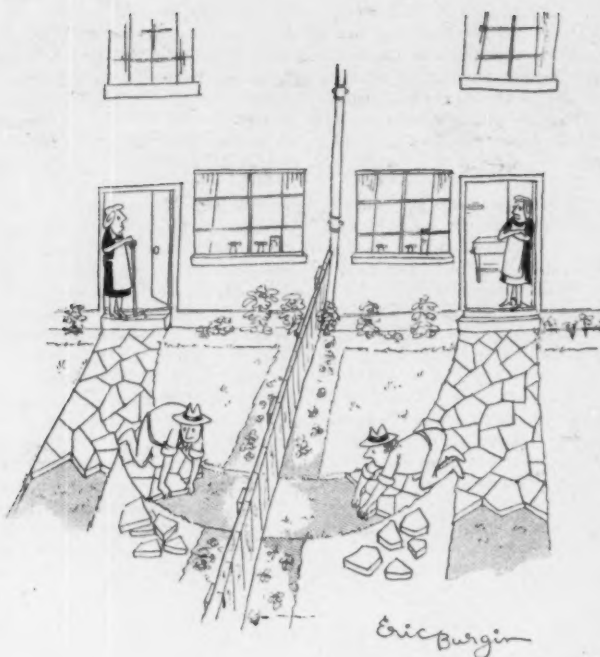
In all things the family came first, and a great deal of subterranean energy was devoted to maintaining its mountainous

solidity. At the top the organization was matriarchal with Great-aunt Susan and Great-aunt Maud Bang as its lonely and forbidding peaks. Below the snow-line such women as were lured by one means or another into marrying a Moodie or a Bang suffered a double loss of identity and became known as Auntie Harold or Auntie Willie. Females of the line retained their baptismal names on marriage and also qualified for some such title as Elsie-Moodie-That-Was, whilst their husbands tended to be named on a geographical or domiciliary basis (e.g., Cousins Wiabech and Plynlimon, and Uncles Egremont, Penge and Orpington).

An exception to this, as to most other rules, was the unfortunate man who married my Aunt Boadicea. Officially he was known simply as Boadicea's Husband; unofficially, amongst the more heartless of the younger generation, as Uncle Worm. Aunt Boadicea, only daughter of



"They're not quite what I wanted, but if you can't get them off..."



Great-aunt Susan's brother, Alderman Gregory Moodie, was a woman who preserved faithfully the Moodie characteristics—the lofty stature, massive feet, jutting brow, and ominous nose—and even added something thereto in the geometrical squareness of her jaw and the look in her eye, which, like Hamlet's father's, was made "to threaten and command."

Uncle Worm was a very tall man with a very small head. Precisely how Aunt Boadicea obtained her ascendancy over him was one of those things upon which it did not do to dwell. I once heard her say that she had never had to raise her voice to him, and I was so powerfully affected by her words that for a month I was unable to sleep without a night-light. However it was, his bondage was complete, and as soon as he had made enough money to purchase for Aunt Boadicea a handsome annuity he retired from business in order to devote himself

more fully to such matters as washing-up, rolling-and-dusting, and thinking up little surprises for Aunt Boadicea's breakfast.

Just how wretched Uncle Worm was it would have been difficult to say; certainly his domestic work gave him little time to brood on anything else. I remember once going with him by local train early one summer morning to the near-by market town, where a bargain sale of household linen had been advertised. He sat in silence throughout the journey, covertly studying the other male passengers in the compartment, and he told me later that from the state of their hands it was clear that a little light dusting was the most that any of them had ever done in the way of housework. I remember, too, the excitement in his voice on another occasion when he told me that Aunt Boadicea had said he could save up for a vacuum-cleaner; if he would give up the acid-drops which were his only vice.

As it happened I was present at the turning point. It was in the early months of the war. I was on leave and Great-aunt Susan felt that Aunt Boadicea ought to see my uniform. She also felt it her duty to make a round of visits at this time in order to see that nobody was too cheerful. We sat in the front room and Uncle Worm went out to get the tea. Great-aunt Susan launched herself upon a discursive and depressing review of the global situation which ended on a sustained note of domestic gloom. "What will happen, I don't know," she said. "Bertha's Flora has given notice, and so has Aunt Caroline's Mabel, and there's talk of rationing." Aunt Boadicea nodded absently; she at least had solved the domestic-servant problem. No one noticed the abstracted gaze of Uncle Worm who had just brought in the tea.

The bombshell burst on the following Monday morning when he did not return from his shopping. Aunt Boadicea became almost distracted as she sat about waiting for her elevenses. At 12.30 the telephone bell rang. It was Uncle Worm. He said he was in something called a Food Office.

"Well, come out at once!" snapped Aunt Boadicea.

"But I'm engaged as a clerk," said Uncle Worm.

"Don't be disgusting!" said Aunt Boadicea. "Who do you think is going to cook the dinner?"

Uncle Worm remained at his post. Aunt Boadicea had a nervous breakdown, and Great-aunt Susan decided that Auntie George must go and look after her. Auntie George protested vehemently, and asked how her mother would manage without her. Great-aunt Susan was firm. "It's your war work," she said, "and I shall come with you!"

Aunt Clara, by the way, was having a wonderful time running a rest house for senior naval officers.

"Parrot for Sale, £50. African grey, wonderful talker, never screeches; seen London."—Advt. in "The Times" In Festival Year?



"... but from here it is perfect!"



NOTHING TO LOSE BUT MY WAY

THE first time I ever came to London alone I arranged to meet the only Londoner I knew, a man who had once visited my home town lecturing on fish. As a lecturer on fish he was only mediocre, but his conversation over the tea and buns had dazzled me with tales of exotic Knightsbridge and Theobalds Road.

In his letter of confirmation the great man managed to convey a degree of surprise at my suggestion of Oxford Circus as a rendezvous. It seemed that he had to work for a living, and did this in Fulham. I didn't know where Fulham was. It might have been just behind the Horse Guards. Not that I knew where the Horse Guards was. But I had been to Oxford Circus with a school outing, and for some reason had been very taken with it. For me it was London. Even to-day, when I think nothing of setting course for a remote spot like Holborn Viaduct with only a first aid set and three days' rations, I still return to Oxford Circus when in extreme navigational distress, there to refit and make a fresh start, usually after seeking directions from some passer-by in uniform, who as often as not proves to be an officer of the Norwegian navy.

Our meeting went off entirely according to plan. Since the rendezvous was infallible this was no surprise to me. My hero walked

me briskly round the corner, past a small tobacco shop and down an adjoining flight of stairs into a well-gilded bar. We were there ten minutes, parted (at Oxford Circus) with a short, urban handshake, and never clapped eyes on one another again from that day to this.

If the reader experiences a faint sense of anti-climax at this point, let him read on nevertheless.

Shortly after this glamorous episode destiny made me into a Londoner in my own right. Slowly gaining in civic stature I travelled daily between the City and Tufnell Park, via Oxford Circus, until one day, to my excitement and joy, a friend from my home town wrote that he was visiting London for the day, and desired me, as the only Londoner he knew, to meet him. Where did I suggest? I suggested Oxford Circus.

No person of imagination will need to be told my feelings. There is no more satisfying transposition than to play god to another's mortal as one has played mortal to another's god. "As it happens," I said, with the air of a man who calls every barmaid by her Christian name from Upton Park to Harrow, "I know a decent little place for a drink not a step from here." And I walked him briskly round the corner, past the small tobacco shop, and in at the door of an old-established dry-cleaners.

And that was how it all began. I never found the bar again, either then or later. What had become of it? The man in the dry-cleaner's swore that he didn't know, but even allowing for the unsettling effect upon him of my trusting friend's order for two pints of bitter, I prefer to hold a very different theory. The bar was there all right, but from some sinister motive, defeating speculation, they didn't want me in it.

I soon realized that my life in London was to be punctuated with such enigmas. Houses were to vanish overnight, shops which sold office furniture one week would become drysalers and colourmen the next, and streets which I well knew to lead into Piccadilly would repeatedly discharge me on to the Victoria Embankment. But I do not propose to go back through the years. A few recent examples will suffice.

Dipping at random into my case book, let us begin with the affair of the phantom photographer. It was alleged by the London Telephone Directory, and later claimed by the photographer himself (though, be it noted, only over the telephone), that he practised passport photography at number fifteen C— Street. In need of a photograph which could

stand up to reproduction on my publisher's book-jackets I set off one morning in buoyant spirits, thankful that my destination lay in a street I knew. My life in the City had taken me up Cannon Street and Queen Victoria Street too many times by mistake for me not to know C— Street. I was confident. True, as I approached number fifteen I sensed a familiar twinge of unease lest all the numbers should be there and fifteen should not (a frequent experience, see the Leicester Square Mystery, below), but my fears were unfounded. Fifteen was there. The only thing was, that it seemed to be an umbrella and handbag shop.

No Londoner, however, least of all one accustomed to doing business with passport photographers, would regard this as a serious set-back. There would be a door out of the back, no doubt, or an ascending flight of stairs with advertisements for nerve tablets lined in blue and white enamel on the risers. I went in.

"Photograph?" I said to the girl.

She sold an umbrella before replying. Then, giving me only half a glance, "No, thank you."

"No, no," I said. "This is number fifteen, isn't it? I've come to have my photograph taken. Is it at the back?"

She said that it might well be, it certainly wasn't at the front, and turned away to sell a diamanté

reticule to a man in a top hat. I had a feeling that she was waiting for me to go, so I went. I went back to the office and rang up the photographer. He said he'd been wondering where I'd got to, as all the elaborate stage setting and

blown on the very day of my appointment, and while the girl in the shop (which was of course nothing but a front for the photographer's) kept me guessing, the chap upstairs was packing up and getting out. I admit that this doesn't account for the continued existence of the umbrella and handbag shop to-day, still doing business at the old stand. But who is to say it isn't a front for something else now?

The Leicester Square Mystery, as I have hinted, came into the missing buildings category. To be



illuminative paraphernalia essential to a really high-grade passport photograph had been waiting half an hour. "You've been wondering where I'd got to," I said. "Why, you—!" Of course, that was before I'd stopped losing my temper over these affairs.

My theory in this case is that the photographer's was nothing but a front for some kind of illicit Stock Exchange or insurance traffic; by a piece of bad luck the gaff had been

accurate, the scene was not the Square itself, but a street off it, where I had been recommended to a small but select perfumery at number twenty-one. I remember being particularly cock-a-hoop about my navigation that day, because although I had become badly lost on my way from Trafalgar Square, where as usual I had booked to by mistake, and been thoroughly mis-directed by a pavement artist outside the National Portrait Gallery (unless that's the Tate just there), I nevertheless hit upon the street unaided. I passed numbers one, three, five and so on up to nineteen, but where number twenty-one should have been there was only an oblong hole in the wall, superscribed

MAYFAIR REPAIRS AND MAINTENANCE

and containing a man crouched in the engine of a confectioner's van.

It would be no exaggeration to state that my heart sank.

I moved along to the next number, but the hope that it might be twenty-one was stillborn. It was a small but select newsagent's, with "23" painted in four places and a small but select newsagent standing



on the step. He was already eyeing me with suspicion. When I asked him where number twenty-one was his face became mask-like, and he said next door, where did I think? I said that was just what I *did* think . . . and rushed on into my next query without, perhaps, giving it proper thought.

I said "Do they sell scent?"

He did not reply, but with a quick sidelong glance at the confectioner's van drew an old copy of *The Times Educational Supplement* from a wire rack, rolled it tightly, killed a fly and replaced it. The speed with which the man from the van materialized at the newsagent's elbow should have told me at once that they were conspirators. At the time, his muttered request for "a quick butcher's at the racing page" seemed innocent enough, but afterwards, recollecting emotion in tranquillity, I saw that it was merely the agreed countersign to the danger signal with the Supplement. Without another look at me the guilty pair disappeared into the shop and closed the door. The door of MAYFAIR REPAIRS AND MAINTENANCE had been closed already, and whatever bizarre secrets either of them hid I shall never know.

Recently the tempo has quickened. Last Wednesday there was the Southwark Street snack-bar which vanished without trace in between the time I left my hat there and the time I went back for it; yesterday the Hyde Park Gate tutorial establishment turned into a permanent exhibition of silk-screen printing between the hours of four and six in the afternoon. And now, this very morning, prompting me to set down an account of these happenings, there occurred what I have already provisionally entitled the Case of the Bogus Rectory.

I made my way about noon to St. A——'s Street, in the Borough of H——, bearing in my hand an authorization from the Rector of St. A——'s to search the parish registers stored in the basement of the Rectory. The address was number twelve St. A——'s Street. I had it in print, in my hand.

Bluntly, the place where number twelve should have been was occupied by a builder's yard. Its green double doors, thrown wide, disclosed the conventional tangle of planks, ladders and domestic porcelain, while a grey building beyond bore in gold letters the name TRUCKETT & WEEMS. After subjecting the buildings on either side to a routine check I picked my

way across to the building and pressed my nose to a window, thus enabled to discern what seemed to be an office, well equipped with desks, filing-cabinets and other aids to commerce. As I watched, its only occupant, a dark woman in black, snatched up her handbag and gloves and hurried from the room, appearing at the front door as I removed my nose from the window.

"Excuse me," I cried, as she slammed the door and began to run nimbly between the window-frames and wash-basins, "I've been trying to find the Rectory. Can you tell me if——!"

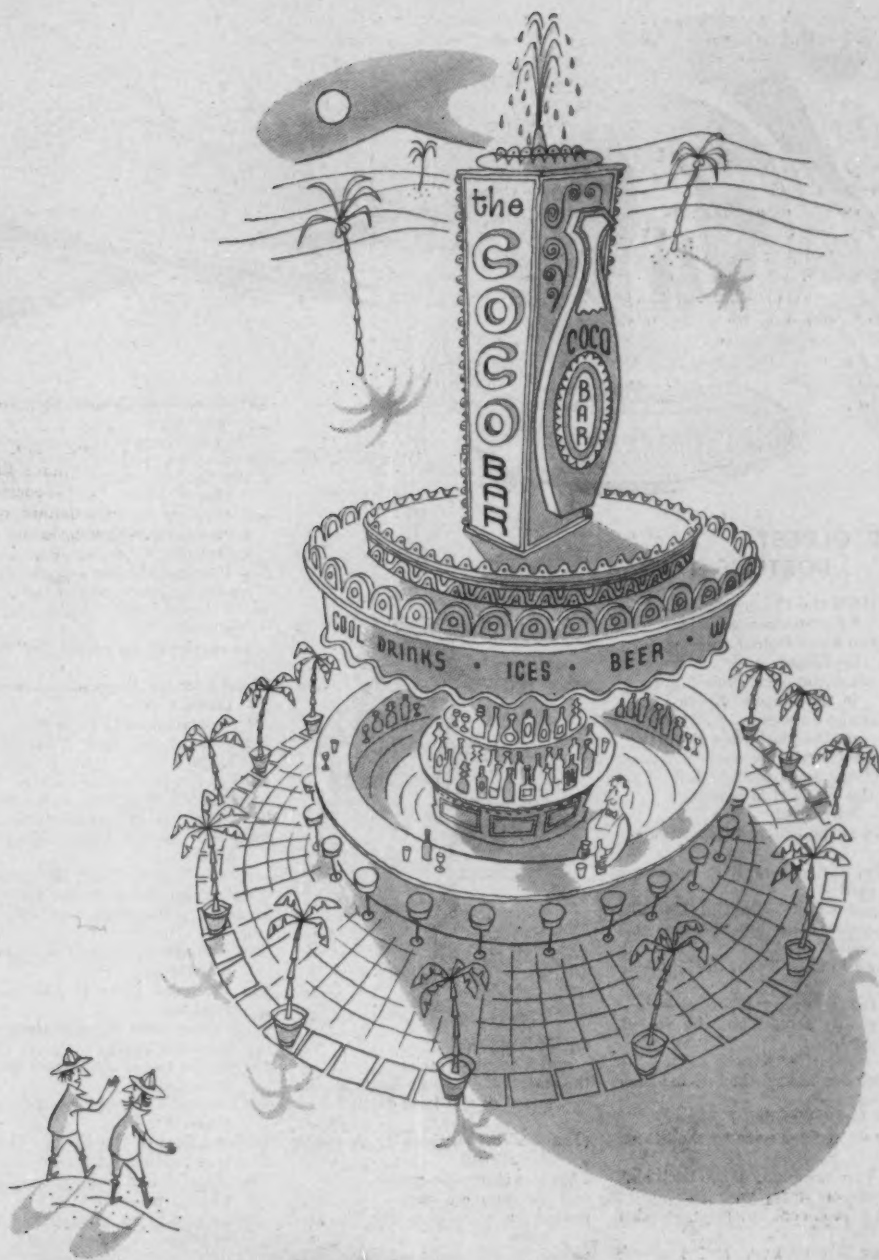
"This is it," she shouted, and with an eerie chuckle sprang past me and on to a moving bus, which carried her swiftly from view.

I waited about for some time, but saw no sign of life, ecclesiastical or otherwise. The slammed door was locked. There seemed no way round the back. When, after half an hour, I found a telephone box and rang up the rector all I could get was a voice repeating dully "I'll give you Trunks. Trying to connect you."

Readers may make what they like of it. Suggested solutions should be posted to me, care of Oxford Circus. From now on I mean to stay where I can feel the ground under my feet.

J. B. BOOTHROYD





"At one time this was only a mirage."



THE OLDEST PORTER'S TALE

WHEN the Channel is lashed
by a storm-cone gale,
and the wires from Largs
to the Lizard wail:
when the cherry-heart fire
in the Porters' Room
is the only glow
on the platform's gloom:
when the drifts lie deep
and the snow-ploughs fail
and the blizzard is holding
the Irish Mail
this is the Oldest Porter's tale:

"Now, young Jim Pye, he was a
card—
if you ask me," the Old 'Un said:
"in years gone by, the smartest
guard
from London Town to Holyhead.

His tale I never told before—
my lips should still be sealed,
perhaps;
but now the Company is no more"—
with one accord they doffed their
caps—
"the Orful Warning I relate
may do some service to the State.

Jim Pye was guard of the Irish Mail
seven-and-forty year ago,
with a frock-coat buttoned on either
tail,
two flags to wave, and a whistle
to blow,
a round-clipped beard
and a flask of Scotch,

a gold-braid cap
and a turnip watch:
the smartest guard in England, the
guard of the Irish Mail!"

(The shadows shuddered. A gleam
was spread
from the lamp-oil—green—
and the lamp-oil—red—
misted by snow from the ghostly,
wide
gloom of the night and the gale
outside.)

"Pride," sighed the Old 'Un bitterly:
"Pride!"

To Bradshaw's rules the train
behaved—
the passengers their places knew,
the signal dropped—a manly hail!—
the flag was waved, the whistle
blew,
and bang on time the Irish Mail
drew out from Euston, bound for
Crewe!
Not Phœbus, the sun's overlord,
mounting his chariot of the sky
(so I heard tell), would climb
aboard
as carelessly as young Jim Pye!

Sometimes at Bangor and some-
times,
by courtesy, at Colwyn Bay
perchance the Irish Mail would
stay.
No actor, conscious of his cue
to stalls and gallery, could play
as artlessly as Pye would climb
into the guard's brake, bang on
time:
until at Chester—mark the date:
June twenty-three it was, '08—
he cut it just a shade too late.

At midnight at Euston the court-
martial sat:
the President glum in his ironed
top-hat.
With scrupulous fairness the grim
case was heard—
the details established, the charges
preferred—
the Prisoner's Friend (he was Hector
MacWatt,
Senior Guard of the Flying Scot)
dourly defending. A terrible scene.
The flags rolled up tightly, the
whistle between—
in front of all eyes, green to red, red
to green!

And the sma' hours passed. The
court sat late.
The prisoner was led out to wait—



and when they brought him back again,
with a paling glance, he knew his fate.
The red flag pointed towards him!

Oh,
long ago, it was long ago!"

In the silence the cherry-heart fire sighed.
"But—then?" the Youngest Porter cried.

"At four A.M.—or thereabouts—
from Scrivelhoe the Slow Milk starts:

you know the Branch? I have my doubts!

But long before the train departs,
with dragon-snortings through the nose

and pistons puffing steam in spouts,
old Pye climbs in among the hoes,
the churns of milk, the bags of sprouts,

and takes a nip of milk-and-Scotch,
and long consults his turnip watch,
then waves his flag—and off they goes—
provided there's a head of steam.

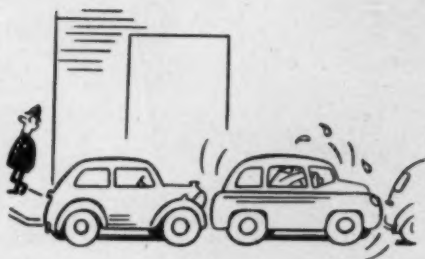
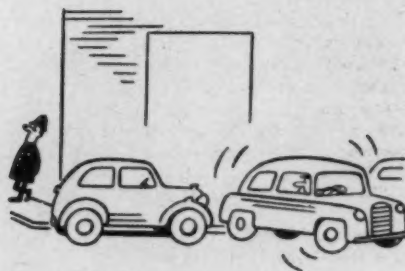
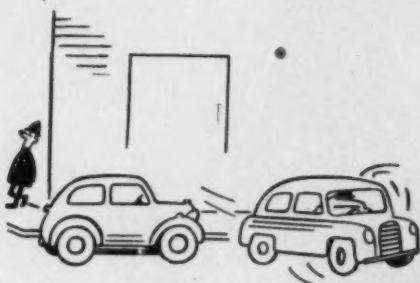
The Slow Milk ambles in a dream
along the winding, single line:

a bridge across a crossy stream—
a long, long wait at Chunton Skeyne.

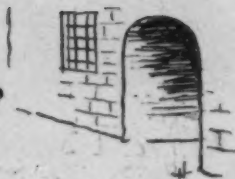
At Anston Sidings it may stop
to load a sack or two of malt,
or—by arrangement only—drop
a passenger at Milford Halt.

I doubt," the Oldest Porter said,
"if there's a moral in this tale:
There ought to be." He shook his head.

"Jim Pye, who had the Irish Mail!
But he don't care. Maybe he's wise.
The Branch that runs from Scrivelhoe
to Pipton Roebuck—
which few know—
the State forgot to nationalize!"
R. C. SCRIVEN



The Army Charivari



INSTRUCTION TO CONTRIBUTORS

ALL right. Sit easy and listen. Smoke if you want to, them as can't control themselves.

The object of this hexercise, as already detailed—but I will repeat for them dunder-heads what 'ave yet to learn to pay attention first time—is to poke good-natured fun at the Army in all aspects—haspects. 'Ands up for a start all present as has had previous experience of poking fun in that direction. Come on, let's 'ave you.

Take their names—you.

Now then. Humour as regards the Army falls under three main 'eads, which I will write on the board:

1. Patigues—peeling potatoes, picking up straw and cetera.

2. Inspections by General officers what catches units unawares, or, in words of one syllable, on the ruddy hop, leading to comic incidents such as boots, ammo, left in cook'ouse safe and sentries 'aving a quiet smoke be'ind the guard 'ut in accordance with custom.

3. Sergeant-majors dropping sitches and talking 'ighly-coloured to recruits—and if there's any more o' that at the back there I'll 'ave you all out on the Square in double-quick time.

Resooming, men 'ose normal avocations comprise painting, drawing and such larks will 'and in comic pieces on suitable subjects to me by nine sharp Wednesday. Pieces, except where instructed to the contrary, will cover the 'ole extent of the page, measuring nine inches by seven or *pro rata* and bearing in mind that frippets and similar will not be tolerated unless drawn small. At the same time let's 'ave no more of this pair o' midgets gabbing away up front, and all the rest of it clouds and seagulls and suchlike un'umorous subjects. Some of you artists, while I'm on it, think all you got to do is a bit here and a bit there and leave the rest blank like a plate o' steak-and-kidney as issued. Pencils, S.O. type, will be supplied, so use 'em up regardless, and let's 'ave plenty o' them 'orizontal strokes to show where it gets dark—be'ind boulders and piles o' kit, between the feet o' men standing properly at ease if any, and suchlike.

I will now demonstrate a comic piece on the blackboard.

Adding the word "rasser!" which is good for a laugh on all occasions and should be used when in doubt, I now turns to Part 2—Writers.

Measurements of the hapertures or, as you might say, 'oles between pictures received and dooly passed fit for duty will be detailed later. They will then be filled up by them as can't draw but has 'ad training in knocking up sentences, whether straight across or some lines shorter than others and a bit o' jingle to freshen it. What you put is up to you—and never mind the mobile canteen you over there by the window, there's plenty for all and nothing for them that can't pay attention. High ranking officers when mentioned by name will be in caps throughout, and I don't mean caps S.D. which is a joke one of you can have for the asking and welcome. Keep off the Education Corps, which 'as had it in a manner o' speaking, and write your names in the bottom left-'and corner when done for record purposes.

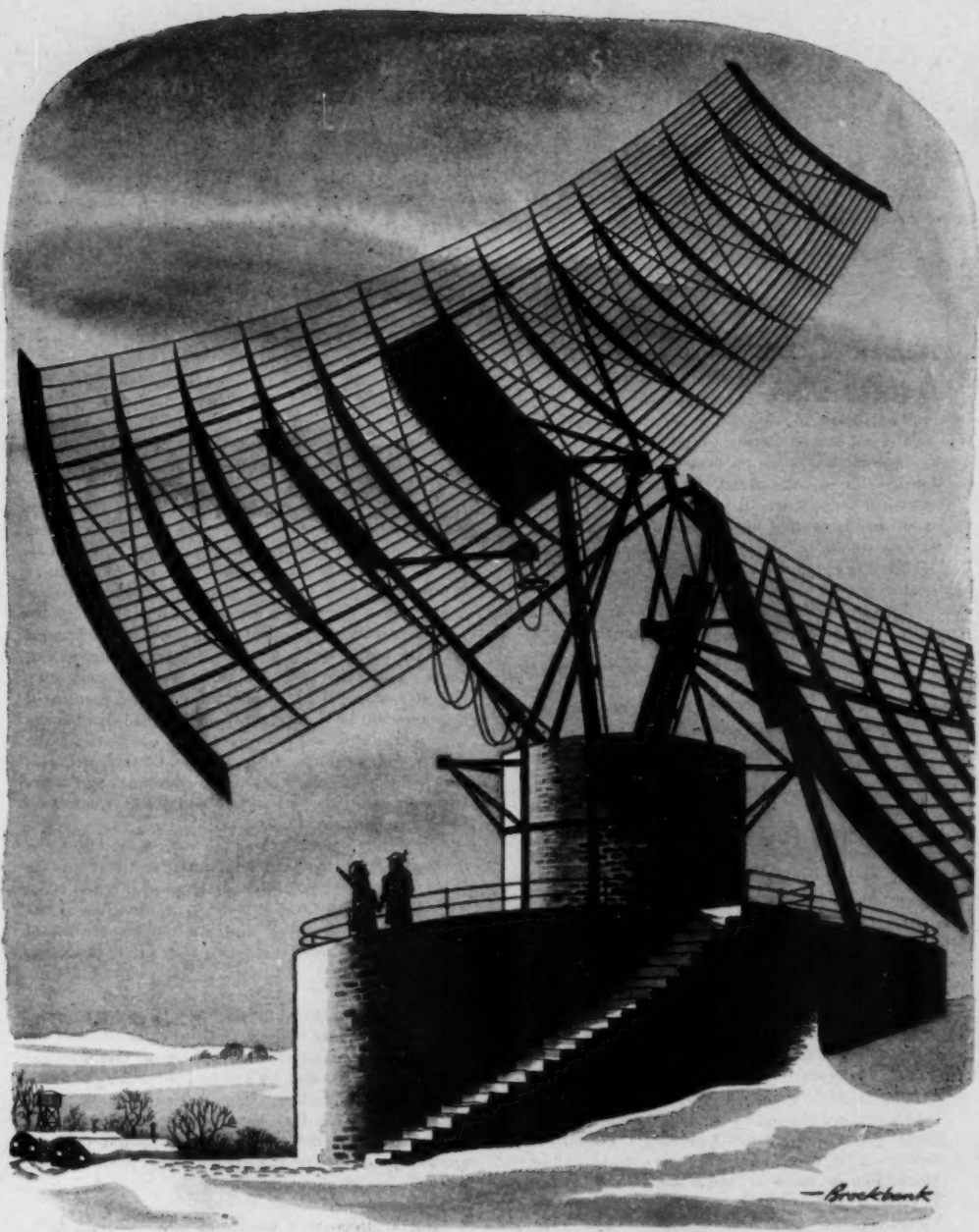
Now then, another thing. I don't want all of you on tanks or some such, and not a word about the P.B.I. Sort it out yourselves and spread it round even, see? Else we'll have it all over again the same as last time—"What about us?" and "Didn't you ever hear of the so-and-sos?" and that. Use your ruddy discretion a bit, that's all.

I will now read a message kindly received from your Commanding Officer. Good luck—Go to it. Message ends. Bear in mind what your Commanding Officer says, lads, and let's have it all done out neat, no loose ends and all subordinate clauses comma'd off proper. What the C.O. says 'ere means he 'opes for the best—and if not you'll 'ave me be'ind you and something fresh to put in your notebooks for next time. So don't let 'im down, mind.

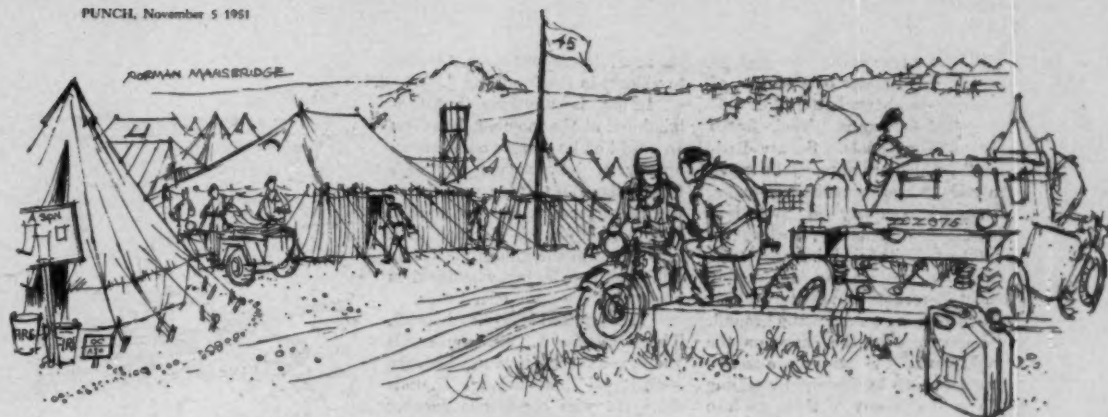
Any questions?

Not a cheep out o' the lot of 'em. All right then, you know what to do—get on with it. And mind what I said, Wednesday—nine sharp.

A.M. not P.M. This ain't a blooming review.



"I'll be glad when they buck up and finish it, whatever it is."



A FORTNIGHT IN THE FIELD

REDLAND is at war with Blue-land.

Across the air the electric message comes—the situation is no better, it is much the same. It has been the same now for decades; sometimes, as local fighting flares up on Salisbury Plain, or in the Catterick area, or more recently on Lüneburg Heath, Redland will gain a temporary advantage; sometimes Blue-land will. Sometimes their brave allies, Northland, Southland, Eastland and Westland, will shoulder the burden. No one thinks of referring the dispute (whatever it is) to the Hague Court or the United Nations; the battles are fought relentlessly to the last paragraph, generals hold searching inquiries into their conduct, and then the respective armies pack up and go home.

Even now, as we bounce in our car, saloon, 4×4 , along the Blue-land forces' main supply route, we learn that another attack has begun. To the north, field-guns are firing; and as the shells alither hissing through the air to burst at the other end of the range, a hiss of another pattern signals the arrival overhead of a formation of Vampire fighters, murderous rockets (to coin a phrase) slung ominously beneath their wings. "I think," the Adjutant says to the R.S.M., "we'd better have something white on the car. We don't want to get into this battle."

The R.S.M. ornaments our wireless aerial with a length of four-by-two. Men with experience of the

fighting on Salisbury Plain know that this is the best way to avoid capture, or worse; by either army, or disqualification by an umpire.

The Adjutant puts us briefly into the picture. The Blue-land tanks, which had, in theory, leaguered overnight in the coppices at The Rings 010488 (though they had in practice set out from their canvas home near Ludgershall, thirty miles away, at an impossible hour in the morning), crossed the start-line a couple of hours ago and are now held up by anti-tank fire from the high ground *here*. The object of the battle is to take the high ground north-east of Warminster. There is no great advantage in holding this ground, but an attack made on it from The Rings goes straight up the training area.

Leaving the road, we bump over rough cross-country tracks to The Rings. It is from these little round coverts that the tanks of the —th Royal Tank Regiment (T.A.) set off earlier to-day. Strictly speaking, they are not the tanks of the —th Royal Tank Regiment; they have been borrowed for the duration from a training pool. Not that the —th Royal Tanks haven't got any tanks, because they have; but if all their tanks were placed end-to-end they wouldn't be enough to equip one squadron, let alone the whole regiment; and besides, it seems hardly worth while bringing them down from Newcastle, where the regiment normally lives, when the

country around Salisbury Plain is virtually one large tank park.

On the forward slope, heedless of danger, a young officer wearing the neckerchief and denim overalls of a famous cavalry regiment is sitting on top of a Dingo scout-car, a wireless headset over his ears and a white armband round his arm. He waves us a cheery greeting as he talks into his headset.

"Obos. I am now moving to the high ground about nine-four-fiyiv-four-six-niner," he says. "Over."

His headset quacks agreement into his ear.

"Obos. Roger, out," says the young cavalryman, removing his headset. He is an umpire. At the Adjutant's request he paints the situation for us. Blue-land's tanks are advancing with one squadron on each side of the road. Besides one armoured regiment, Blue-land possesses one infantry battalion, riding in armoured personnel-carriers—vehicles made from tanks



with the upperworks removed to permit the carriage of a section of infantry—and two batteries of self-propelled field-guns. Their forces are all Territorials. So are Redland's, which are numerically much inferior: a mere squadron of tanks, a single company of motorized infantry, a solitary battery of artillery. Neither side has any "air"; the Vampires we saw are merely shooting rockets into the target area north of our own stamping-ground. "Dangerous for the chaps on the right flank," the umpire comments, but forestalls agreement by adding "You see, if any of them go into the rocket-firing area they get disqualified."

There is no sign of war from where we are, so the Adjutant says we should go forward a bit. "We can motor along the Charlie Love," he proposes. "The Centre Life," he explains for his non-military listeners. "Actually it's the road."

The Charlie Love runs along the bottom of a little valley with rolling grass-covered downs on either side. No one lives there; it is all scheduled as a battle area, and live firing is always liable to break out. Once a village nestled in the valley, the village of Imber (965486); but the inhabitants were evacuated to safety, and now the once-picturesque buildings are pocked with shellholes and

the usual decomposition that comes to villages in the front line.

Imber is anything but uninhabited at the moment, however. In a field on its eastern outskirts an apathy of infantrymen lies with that resigned fortitude peculiar to the infantryman condemned to wait long periods on his stomach in a field. And in the village itself, like a blaze of poppies in a wheatfield, is a sudden little burst of red caps.

The Adjutant identifies them all. There is Peter A., who commands the Armoured Brigade to which the —th Royal Tanks belong. There is Paul B., who commands another T.A. brigade in the same division. There is James C., who commands that division; and there, talking to him, is John D., General Officer Commanding North-Eastern Command. None of these eminent officers appears to have a rank, and all are known to every officer under their command by their Christian names. In this respect training has achieved a high degree of realism.

Some way beyond the village we leave the road and perch ourselves on a vantage-point in the middle of No Man's Land, with no protection from the guns of either side but our pennant of four-by-two. Deployed on a forward slope to the east we can see the Bluecland tanks advancing. Each troop sends forward two tanks while its other two remain behind to cover their advance; when the leading pair have secured a suitable position the second pair will leapfrog forward to another, and so on. As they manoeuvre about



the green slopes they weave a network of brown parallel lines over the countryside.

A tank snorts up the bank towards us and comes to rest a few yards from our car. From its open turret projects the top half of a cheerful sergeant who hails the Adjutant in a broad Northumbrian voice. "They're stuck up there," he says, easing his wireless headset off. "Can't get forward at all."

The Adjutant introduces us all round. The sergeant is a clerk in the Inland Revenue; but he spent his war with the —th Royal Tanks and rejoined them as soon as he could after his demobilization. His obligations to them are thirty drills a year and fourteen days in camp; but in practice he gives the regiment more of his time than the legal minimum would exact. They run, he tells me, a cricket team, and a Rugger team, and a Soccer team, and a hockey team, and a golf team. There are training week-ends from time to time too. "I like it, you see," the sergeant explains.

The rest of his crew are rather younger. They pop out from various holes in the tank—the driver, the co-driver, the wireless-operator. They are all volunteers; everyone in this particular regiment, the Adjutant explains, is a volunteer with one exception, a National Service man doing his continuation training, and he is likely to be a volunteer any moment, especially if he enjoys his camp. Will he enjoy it? "Well, we work them hard," the Adjutant says. "They've been up





every day for the past week at five in the morning, and they don't get in as a rule till after eight; and then they've got their maintenance to do. But they seem to like it."

The tank crew confirm this.

"We've got ninety-eight per cent of the regiment in camp," the Adjutant adds with justifiable pride.

The sergeant has just climbed out of his turret and opened the lid at the back of his tank to display the engine and gearbox, which he obviously loves like brothers, when across the air an electric message comes and the wireless operator calls to him. "Says we've to close on him," he reports.

"O.K.," says the sergeant, bating down again. "Wilco, out," says the operator. The engine roars into life, an ostrich-plume of white smoke emerges from the exhaust, and the tank rolls on.

Our car bumps back to the Charlie Love and we motor on until we find some tanks facing the other way. We are in the midst of the leading squadron of the Redland army. The umpire whom we last saw at The Rings is talking with the squadron commander, who breaks off and comes over to us. He is very pleased with the way the battle is going.

"We sent out a foot patrol at first light," he recounts, "and captured Tommy E."—naming one

of the troop leaders of the Blueland armour. "He had their operation order and of course all their frequencies. We've been passing a lot of bogus messages."

The umpire is having an electric conversation with a superior umpire down in the village. "Your signals are very distorted," he complains. "Over."

"My signals," comes the electric reply, "are distorted because the — infantry are all on my net. Over."

"Say all again. Your signals are still very distorted. Over."

"My — signals are distorted because the — infantry are on my — net. Over."

"Say again who is on your net. Over."

"The infantry. The — footmen."

It transpires that it will be at least an hour before the infantry will be ready to put in the attack which is expected of them at this stage, so the Adjutant suggests we go back to camp.

Except for the usual stray storeman, a couple of fitters working on a Dingo, and a cook putting in some casual labour on the hot meal that will greet the fighting echelon on their return, the little town of tents is deserted. We go into the marquee which houses the officers' mess and the Adjutant regales us with

information and refreshment. He is the only Regular Army officer in the mess, he says; usually the C.O. or the second-in-command of a Territorial unit is a Regular, but not in this case. The R.S.M. is a Regular too, and about twenty of the permanent staff. Everyone else is Territorial.

What about the "ancillary arms" in the Brigade?

Territorial too, he says: Ordnance, R.E.M.E., Medical, Provost, all down the list. The senior commanders are Regulars, of course, the brigadiers and up; but if there were a war and the Army were to expand again, a lot of T.A. brigadiers might well go to command divisions and Territorial officers get command of brigades.

"How," we ask, "do you reckon these chaps compare with Regular soldiers?"

The Adjutant puts his drink down with an emphatic gesture. "If I had to go into action tomorrow," he says, "I'd rather go with these chaps than anybody else in the entire Army."

"May we quote you on that?" we ask.

"You certainly may," the Adjutant says expansively.

And so, having taken the precaution of publishing neither his name nor that of his regiment, we gladly do. B. A. YOUNG

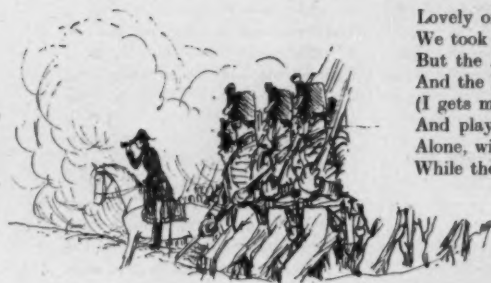


THE DUKE



THE service I saw with the Duke? Well, a lot of it's not too clear; But the Duke himself I remember as surely as if he was here, Waving his hat in the air on a ruddy great thoroughbred bay— Copenhagen, he called it. We finished the French that day. Waterloo, sir. You'll have heard of it? We fought it flat on the ground Shooting the French into ribbons with sixteen balls to the pound, Till the Duke, and one man with him, come streaking across from the right, And waved his hat, like I said: and we up and finished the fight.

As hard as nails was the Duke. One time I remember him best Was a lovely July morning: the French was over a crest— Somewhere in Spain it was—and the Heavy Brigade and the Third Had knocked their left flank endways; and the Duke, he give us the word To go and finish their centre; and we moved up over the height, And walked right into their volley: and they had no heart for the fight. And the Duke come up the hill with us, riding between the ranks, Telling us, very choice, what he thought of the flaming Franks.



Lovely on horseback, he was. One time, out Flanders way, We took three towns with the bayonet and marched twelve miles in the day; But the Austrians let us down, and the French was all over the shop, And the Duke, God bless him, gets lost, and rides for it neck and crop (I gets mixed up over dates, but he must have been younger, of course), And plays at hare and hounds with half the ruddy French horse, Alone, with the star on his chest, and riding like hell on a grey, While the Guards pulled out of the shambles in a village they called Roobay.





But for guts and luck in the Duke I reckon I'd pick the fight
When a village was on our left and a French redoubt on our right
And both of them lousy with guns; and we moved right up through it all,
Half a mile under cross-fire, without firing a flaming ball.
But we got there, and shot them to pieces; and only then it was known
That the Dutch hadn't touched the village, and we was out on our own.
The French sent horse to break us, red-coats with musketoons,
Wonderful keen on manœuvres, but less on fire by platoons.
We shot them out of their saddles three times as they made the bid,
And marched back just as we come—or what was left of us did:
And the Duke come through the lot of it, though we lost four generals dead;
He tapped my gun-barrel down himself: "Shoot low, soldier," he said.

But eh, when I was younger, with no but the one stripe on,
And the French was lords of creation, and the Duke was Corporal John!
He was tough, but always the gentleman—very quiet, you understand—
Red coat and Garter ribbon, and as handsome as kins your hand.
There was nothing he didn't think of for the chaps in the line and the sick;
And us—if he'd wanted our livers, he'd only to take his pick!
His second-in-command was a smasher, a pale little foreign prince,
But the Duke was God Almighty; there's been nothing like him since.
He was riding our lines one morning before the battle began,
When the French let go a round shot, and the army gasped to a man;
And the ball, it kicked the dust up under his horse's feet,
And Sergeant, a regular terror, went white as a blooming sheet:
But the Duke didn't bat an eyelid; and we went for the palisades
And in the village behind them the pick of the French brigades.
Three times we tried and they broke us; but our horse went through on the right,
And we had the lot of them cornered. They was in the bag by night.

That was a fight in a hundred. There was others that wasn't so good.
The bloodiest fight I remember was in a perishing wood.
But generally it was open, and made to the same design,
With deep French columns breaking on the fire of the English line.
It was fire-discipline did it, that kept us tight on the spot—
The knowing they couldn't get at you so long as you stood and shot.
It was always the same, I reckon, right from the start of the wars,
When we used to form harrow at bow's length, and broke the heavy French horse.

We fought him, us and the Allies (and won, as you no doubt know),
The boss of the big battalions, who wanted to run the show.
We'll do it again, no doubt. You won't find me in the fight.
But I reckon we'll need the Duke; and the Duke'll be there all right.

P. M. HUBBARD







"Coo—worse than P.T.!"



"Get a load of the air hostess."



"After all these years as EMJX/213/3 I can't get used to the idea of your being No. 382758, Edward!"



"We've always been cavalry."

ROYAL BUT HORSELESS



THE right word to describe the movement of tracked vehicles across open country eludes me. They neither roll nor glide. They certainly do not waddle—a word inseparable from the progress of a 1917 tank but hopelessly inaccurate now—nor cavort nor flounder. “Scuttle” is undignified. Do they, perhaps, trundle? Hedgehogs trundle, and the fact that at a distance you cannot see the movement of a tank’s tracks gives it something of the air of the apparently legless hedgehog. But trundle is too slow for things that whizz along (whizz?—terrible!) at twenty to thirty knots.

The difficulty disappears if, instead of watching from afar the advance of an Armoured Regimental Group (the term, they tell me, is unofficial but usefully describes a regiment of tanks going about its business with a battery of self-propelled guns in support and some companies of a motor battalion under command), one climbs into an S.P. 25-pdr. and experiences the motion at first hand. There is then no doubt at all that tracked vehicles “career.” “The quickest motion is to me *frightful*; it is really flying, and it is impossible to divest yourself of the notion of instant death to all upon the least accident happening. It gave me a headache which has not left me yet. Sefton is convinced that some damnable thing must

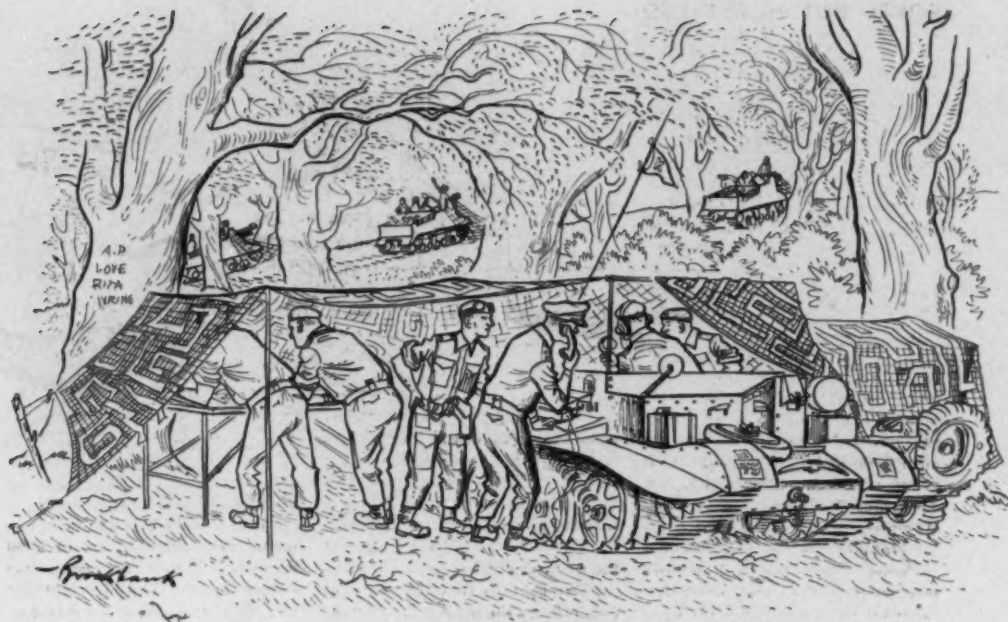
come of it: but he and I seem more struck with apprehension than others . . .” I never met this Sefton, but in other respects Thomas Creevey’s account of his first ride in a train (which attained a maximum speed of 23 m.p.h.) will serve well enough to describe our first experience of an S.P. 25-pdr. (“Sexton” or “Ram”), which reaches about the same speed. I particularly favour the bit about being more struck with apprehension than others. The gun crew—*tehk!* detachment—of five stalwart Horse Gunners maintain a stolid equilibrium, without noticeably holding on to anything, even during the wildest plunges; possibly they grip with their knees. The civilian, desperately groping for something less volatile than the firing lever to clutch, anxiously awaits the next tremendous lurch, convinced that some damnable thing must come of it. It does; and if, in calmer and more literary moments, he has ever wondered where or what that curious place “the lurch” may be, he soon discovers that it is where a civilian is left when a tracked vehicle rolls one way and he rolls the other.

The Sexton, or Ram, is basically a Sherman tank chassis with a kind of armoured well in place of the turret and a 25-pdr. gun up in the bows. Low down in a cubby-hole, below and to the right of the gun, sits the driver; and the rest of the

detachment—No. 1, layer, loading number and ammunition number—are in the well. The gun itself can be traversed over an arc of forty degrees (for a wider sweep you simply turn the vehicle), it is steady as a rock when firing (twenty-four tons of “mounting” take a bit of shifting, even with supercharge), it has over a hundred rounds of ammunition right on its doorstep—and there you are. There may, for all I know, be grave headshakings in the higher ranks of the Royal Regiment over the cult of self-propulsion; there is the problem of concealment and, even more cogent, the fact that a mechanical breakdown means the immobilization of the gun (you cannot hitch a Ram behind a couple of jeeps in an emergency). But the advantages, in speed into action and in following-up, in “compactness” and in added protection for the crew (there it is again!), are apparent to the most untutored eye. In an armoured division, at least, the S.P. gun looks thoroughly at home.

Drawn up in column, ready to advance boldly against whatever perils the Larkhill ranges might have in store, “K” (Hondeghem) Battery of 5 R.H.A. made an impressive spectacle. (It was at Hondeghem, a battle-honour lately bestowed, that “K” Battery on May 27, 1940, with only two 18-pdrs. left, held up enormously superior forces of





armoured vehicles and tanks for over eight hours—and they look thoroughly capable of doing it again.) The Battery Commander leads the way in his Cromwell, behind him come the two Troop tank O.P.s (Comets), then the Command Post Officer's jeep, the two G.P.O.s in recon vehicles (tracked carriers called, I believe, "Gams"), the two Troop Sgt.-Majors on motor cycles, and finally the two Troops of four Rams each, each Troop led by the Troop Leader in his carrier. This arrangement—which I have no doubt I have got wrong—is by no means haphazard. In a deployment, ordered by wireless from the Battery Commander's tank, the C.P.O. carries out his recon, allots troop positions to the two G.P.O.s, who then make their individual recons and, using the T.S.M.s as links, call up the Troop Leaders to bring their guns into the positions selected. Meanwhile the Troop O.P.s are far ahead, searching for targets worthy of the Battery's mettle or, indeed, metal.

Any gunner will tell you that

this account is over-simplified to the point of downright nonsense.

"K" Battery demonstrated a "crash action." A column surprised on the march, or encountering unexpected resistance, will get its first ranging round off within sixty seconds of the target's being spotted. No 1 gun of the leading Troop is plunging up the reverse slope of one of Larkhill's grass-clad undulations; an officer (G.P.O.? Troop Leader? I forgot to ask) appears from nowhere, running swiftly across its bows, and plants himself, with gallantry not far removed from foolhardiness, in its path. His back is turned and his arm points rigidly at a piece of nothing on the brow of the hill. The Ram bears down on him at speed and comes to a jarring halt, just in time to avoid justifying its name, with its cannon pointing along the line of his outstretched arm. It is now laid, at least approximately, on the target-bearing, which has been communicated (by methods into which I prefer not to enter) from one of the tank O.P.s perhaps a couple of miles ahead. There are

hoarse shouts, unintelligible to me—some sort of range is no doubt mentioned—the layer rotates his massive cone, shell and charge are pushed home, two civilians steel themselves to show no more than polite interest when the wallop comes, and—how shall I put it? Hand me the Reporter's Vademecum, child—twenty-five pounds of death and destruction hurtle unerringly towards the objective.

Or I might quote again from Thomas Creevey: "The smoke is very inconsiderable indeed, but sparks of fire are abroad in some quantity; one burnt Miss de Ros's cheek, another a hole in Lady Maria's silk pelisse and a third in some one else's gown. Altogether, I am extremely glad to have seen this miracle and to have travelled in it." The parallel, particularly, perhaps, in regard to the names and apparel of the detachment, is not exact; but with Creevey's final sentence I entirely associate myself.

By the time the fire of the ranging gun has been corrected on to the target from the O.P. the rest

of the Troop is in action. There is no deployment, properly speaking; the S.P.s simply line up alongside—easy enough on Salisbury Plain—while the other Troop goes into a huddle nearby and prepares to join in a battery concentration if required.

After this we went forward to the tank O.P.s and did a little shooting on our own account. There is nothing in it. You simply bring the burst on to the line of sight between yourself and the target by ordering "Go left—one hundred," "Go right two hundred," "Oh, damn it all then, go left fifty," and when you have done that you move the bursts up and down along the line of sight ("Add four hundred—drop two hundred—add one hundred") until the target is obliterated. Only in my case the guns seemed to be decidedly off colour. I think they should check for wear . . .

Watching (as we did later) a "scheme," and listening to the progress of operations on the Battery Commander's R.T., one is struck—platitudinously, no doubt—by the extraordinary gain in coherence that the wireless net has brought to a commander's picture of the battle. One hears it all. The tank C.O. orders one of his squadrons to probe the defences of the immediate objective, a tree-topped hill. You hear that. The squadron leader details the tanks for the job. You hear that—and the tanks nose forward. But the umpires, in their interfering way, invent a battery of enemy anti-tank guns on a hill to the right of the objective, and the C.O. orders a withdrawal to dead ground on the left flank. You hear that. You also hear the C.O. ask the Battery Commander to engage the anti-tank guns, and the B.C. pass his orders back to his battery C.P.O. Then the C.O. (with apologies for all



these abbreviations—but what can one do!) calls up the commander of the motorized infantry . . .

One is also struck, while this is going on, by the entire failure of the Army to live up to the standard of terseness, verity and general four-zero-over-roger-outishness set by the B.B.C. in its documentaries. The drill is there, all right—but here is some more or less verbatim dialogue:

Tank C.O. to B.C. I'm going in now, with tanks and one company. Can you give me a bit of support?

B.C. to C.O. Right. Let me know when you want it.

C.O. Well, I'd like a bit of fire now, and I'll ask for a concentration at the critical moment.

Or this:

Squadron Leader to one of his tanks. Move off to your left a bit, Zebra One—round that clump of trees you can see there.

Zebra One to Sqdr. Ldr. How far do you want me to go? . . .

Oddly enough, this hopelessly undramatic chit-chat impressed at least one civilian as being not unlike the real thing. But it wouldn't have done for the Light.

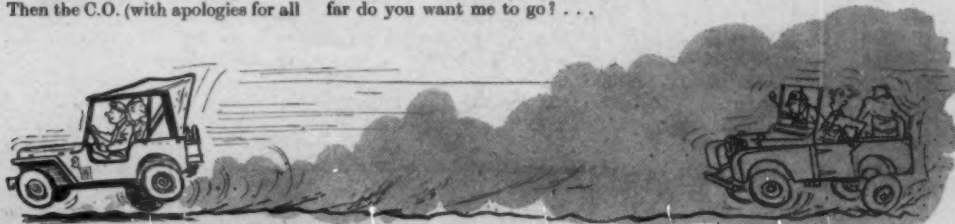
* * * * *

The Battery Sergeant-Major, who likes to go at sixty m.p.h. on (or off) Class Z roads in a Land Rover and whose dust we had been consuming all day, had the last word.

"With present pay and conditions," he said, "you can't beat the Army. They'll have to kick me out if they want to get rid of me. The only thing is, why the hell"—he used no oaths at all, as a matter of fact, but one knows what readers expect—"why the hell don't they give the soldier a decent walking-out dress, instead of just talking about it? He wants it this week-end, not in 1954."

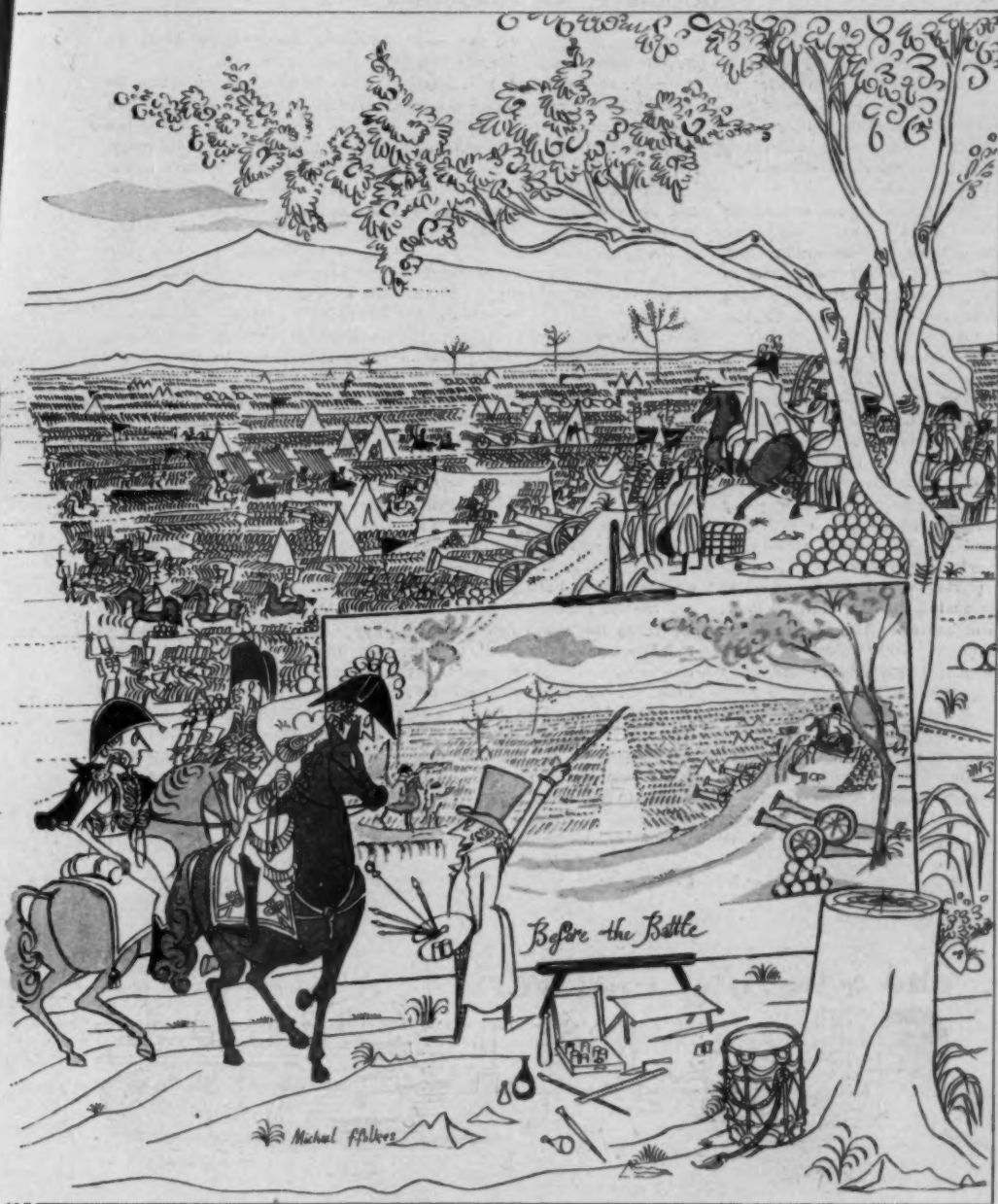
Why not, indeed?

H. F. ELLIS





"Another eight days and..."



should be finished, gentlemen."

-GOOD-BYE, MR. FARQU-HAR-

TALK of this wonderful new rifle that the British Army seems to be getting reminds me of Gentleman Cadet Farquhar, long ago in the dear dead days when Sandhurst was the R.M.C. and its canteens were called Fancy Goods Stores (as they still are, so I am told).

This G. C. Farquhar was, at the time of which I speak, a tall young man of some eighteen summers and looked very military and smart in his well-fitting uniform and shining boots, particularly when he was standing still.

It fell out one morning, when he was engaged in fifty minutes' drill with his own particular squad on the Square before the Old Building, that he found himself the last man but one on the left of the front rank. Company Sergeant Major Screech—who was really that military phenomenon, a Drill Sergeant of Grenadiers—called the parade to attention.

"The squad," he announced, in the quaint phrasing of those days, "will move to the left in-fours. Form . . . Hwar! AZUARE HORM-HWAR!! LEFT! Bytheright quick . . . AAAAAAH!!!"

Anyone can see from this that G. C. Farquhar was now marching along on the right of the leading section of fours and, furthermore, that that section of fours, as well as the other seven behind, was marching by him. On him devolved the

whole duty of setting the pace and the direction. And, concentrating furiously, he did it very well what time C.S.M. Screech marched alongside, measuring the pace and uttering respectful though uninhibited comments as required.

After a little the C.S.M. halted, and observed the conduct of the squad as it marched away from him across the gravel.

"Move to the right in fours," he commanded suddenly. "About . . . Hwar! Check, one, two, three, four, forwahd!"

This instruction was perhaps heard as far away as Camberley, or at least Yorktown, but apparently escaped the notice of G. C. Farquhar, who marched resolutely on, oblivious of the fact that his companions had turned about and were now retracing their steps. C.S.M. Screech noticed this but said nothing. The three survivors of what was now the last section of fours probably also noticed it, but did not like to say anything either.

When the squad had returned to its own end of the parade ground it was caused to halt, turn to its front, stand at ease and stand easy. The C.S.M. stood in front of it, saying nothing but looking pensively back in the direction from which they had come. Necks were craned to follow his gaze, and there was seen, receding into the distances of the empty square, the

dwindling lonely figure of G. C. Farquhar.

The eerie silence in which he moved must by now have told him that he was alone, but it was not for him to reason why. He might not turn his head to investigate. If he had made a mistake he must stick to it until told to do otherwise. So he marched on, eyes fixed on two objects kept carefully in line, right arm swinging from the shoulder to the level of the waistbelt in front, left forearm parallel to the ground, at a steady hundred and twenty thirty-inch paces to the minute. It was quite a thing to see. How far would he be allowed to go?

When he had reached what for anyone but a drill sergeant would have been the extreme limit of range of the human voice, C.S.M. Screech tucked his pace-stick under his arm, inflated his chest and spoke—if so meagre a word can be used of so many decibels of noise—as follows: "Good-bye, Mr. Farquhar. 'Ave an 'appy week-end, Mr. Farquhar. Send us a postcard to say how you're a-getting on, Mr. Farquhar. GOOD-BYE!!"

Talk of the new rifle reminds me of this, because it was this same Farquhar who performed the unusual feat of impaling his cap on his bayonet while sloping arms, thus imparting a somewhat raffish air to a battalion ceremonial parade on a Saturday morning.







MANY well-brought-up readers complain that the modern detective novel is unsuitable for placing in the hands of young persons. To-day detectives carry on in a way that would once have got them barred from any good club, and writers take a low view of human nature that cannot fail to encourage cynicism among the young. In the faint hope of reversing this trend, I have composed a detective story which will not raise a blush on the most sensitive cheek; and nobody would call my detective cynical.

Ebenezer Truelove had not had a client for some time—not, at least, one whom he could bring himself to serve. He was occupying himself with a jigsaw puzzle of some of the simpler flowers, and his secretary, Miss Harbottle, was clicking her crochet-hook, when a timid knock came at the door. "Enter, friend," he called, and in tripped a demure vision in bonnet, tippet and tartan frock. A tear stood in each cornflower-blue eye and the rosebud mouth was quivering with an emotion that even the lassie's courage could not restrain. Ebenezer ushered her into a chair with a courtly bow and hurried to pour her a glass of dandelion cordial. "May I lay my troubles on your shoulder?"

she asked. Indicating Miss Harbottle's shoulder, he sat down behind his desk and waited for her tale.

"My name is Prudence Golightly," she said, "and I work a typewriter in the office of Mr. Ezra Boon, Commissioner for Oaths. Last night I was late, as it is never my custom to postpone to the morrow what can be completed to-day. Suddenly the office door opened and a rough man of some forty summers entered, bearing in his hand a pistol. He passed through and was closeted for some time with my employer. He then left, making a remark to me which modesty forbids me to repeat." "Tell it to Miss Harbottle," said Ebenezer. "We must have all the facts." Blushing, Miss Golightly whispered "Hiya, toots," in the secretary's ear. "Mr. Truelove, we are involved with low criminals indeed," said Miss Harbottle, and Ebenezer steeled his face in grim resolution.

"When I had finished my work to my satisfaction, I entered Mr. Boon's office to bid him good night and found him sprawled across his desk bearing signs of ill-usage." "Did you hear shots?" Ebenezer inquired. "Several. As I do not allow outside circumstances to distract me from the employment for which I am engaged, I paid them no attention." "Why did you not summon the police?" asked Ebenezer. "I feared they might believe the weapon had been wielded by me. In my nervousness at finding Mr. Boon so unlike his usual self, I left my fingerprints not only on his desk but upon the handle of the safe. I also dropped my reticule, which unfortunately contains a pistol similar to that carried by the visitor. Mr. Boon had insisted on my having it for protection. Moreover, the perfume of the embrocation I use for hockey sprains might have lingered in the room."

Ebenezer jumped up with a decisive air. "It would not be in the public interest that the police should waste time following a false trail. I will go to the office and destroy the misleading clues. Meanwhile, speak to nobody. You had better stay for the time being at the Wilberforce Temperance Hotel under the name



of Delphinium Pennyfeather." He gave his client a reassuring, though fatherly, smile and hurried down to the street, where he decided that the urgency of the journey warranted the expense of a cab. "Make haste," he said to the driver, and in a short time was entering the office. He gave a keen glance round the room and spying a bottle of ginger wine hidden behind one of the drawers in Miss Golightly's desk, he fortified himself with a draught of it, making a note to deduct the value of the refreshment from his client's account. In the inner office he found a locked safe, a body and a reticule. He had just stuffed this in his pocket and begun to wipe the desk free of fingerprints when heavy footsteps interrupted him and several detectives entered. "That anonymous telephone call was accurate," said Lieutenant Muldoon. "If you have committed murder you have jeopardized your licence, Mr. Truelove."

This threat brought tears to Ebenezer's eyes. How could he face his mother without his licence? His gaining this mark of esteem from the police had pleased her more than anything since a School Report had called him "A shining example to his fellows in Thought, Word and Deed." How could he face Miss Harbottle, who frequently praised him to his face and, for aught he knew, behind his back? How, above all, could he face his colleagues in the profession? Without a licence he would be little better than a quack. As he traversed the streets in the motor-car kept for the exclusive use of the Homicide Officers, he felt as though his trim universe were already tumbling about his well-kempt ears.

In the neat, clean premises of the police-station Ebenezer faced the inquiries of the detectives. "I regret I cannot answer your courteously phrased questions, as I owe a duty to my client," he said. "Give me twenty-four hours and I will solve the mystery." The detectives pleaded with Ebenezer, but he was adamant. "We are baffled," said Lieutenant Muldoon sadly. "However, I admire Mr. Truelove's integrity and high repute and will accept his offer."

Ebenezer took yet another cab to the Wilberforce Temperance Hotel, where he found Miss Golightly in the drawing-room. After he had restored her reticule, he asked "Can you identify this man who treated you, and, of course, Mr. Boon, so cavalierly?" "It was a Mr. Finelli," she replied. "He was a client of the firm and Mr. Boon had succeeded in obtaining some documents that he wanted; most ungratefully he had refused to pay Mr. Boon's fee and they were kept in the safe, together with documents belonging to other clients, until he came to a better frame of mind."

Ebenezer thought carefully. He had never allowed alcohol or betting to befuddle his reasoning powers, which remained as fresh as they had been when he was a boy, and he felt that the threads of the puzzle were beginning to link up. "Where are the documents now?" he asked. "For safety I sewed them in my tippet," she replied. "No doubt their owners will be getting in touch with me. I owe it to Mr. Boon's memory to ensure that the debts that were owing to him are duly collected!" "What propriety of feeling in one so young!" Ebenezer exclaimed enthusiastically, his eyes a-twinkle with paternal approbation.

At this moment Lieutenant Muldoon entered, politely removing his hat. "Pardon," he said, "I have just been looking through Mr. Boon's safe and have come upon the body of a man called, according to his card-case, T. Finelli." "He is the murderer undoubtedly," said Ebenezer. "No doubt he committed suicide out of remorse." "There was no weapon," said Lieutenant Muldoon, doubtfully, "and at the back of my mind there linger several loose ends." "I give you my word that all is above board," said Miss Golightly. "I endorse every word she says," Ebenezer said firmly. "Then," answered Lieutenant Muldoon, "I am more than satisfied. It would ill become the honour of the Force not to be fully satisfied by such an assurance." With a bow he left them. "I cannot tell you how you have helped me," said Miss Golightly, as she paid Ebenezer the small fee that was all he could bring himself to accept, and he returned to his office in a glow.

R. G. G. PRICE



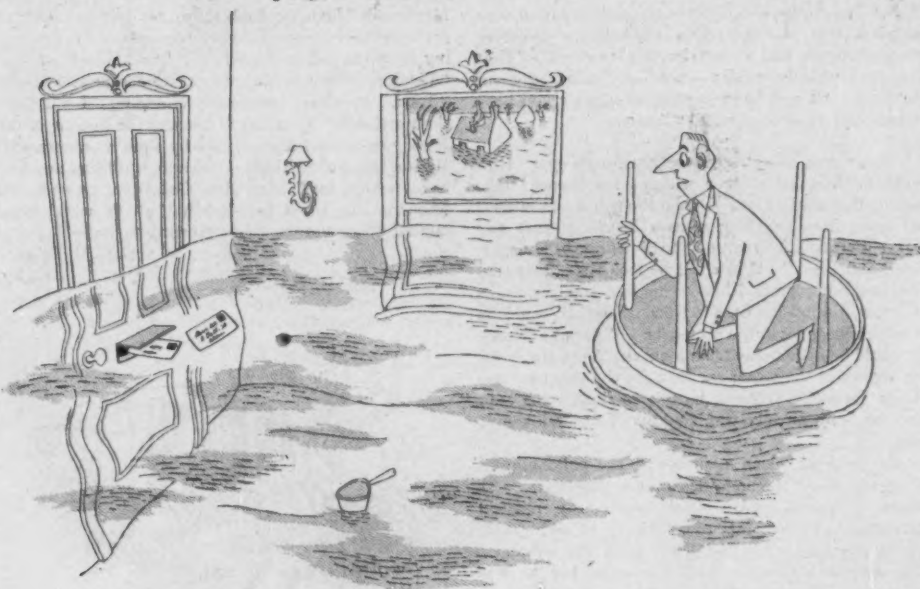
FLASH-BACK

PACKING her menfolk off to some Crusade
 On stalwart chargers, heavily caparisoned,
 With "Mind you see Jerusalem de-Saracen'd!"
 Or words to that effect, your ancestress
 (In captivating wimple
 And brocade)
 Brewed herb and simple,
 Chatted to her maid
 Of Chivalry and jousts in Lyonesse;
 Doled out or eagerly amassed largess
 And drew bright threads, hued peacock-blue and jade,
 Through some old arras, sun-caressed and frayed,
 In an attempt to make same rather less
 Of a mess.

Obliging with light tasks about the feoff,
 The goat-herd's and the swine-herd's wives
 respectively
 Dusted the dungeons more or less effectively,
 Stoked up the boiling oil; anon were fee'd
 With whacking plates of venison
 And beoff
 Quaffed down with flagonfuls of home-brewed mead.
 In brief,
 They ate with tumult (Tennyson),

The while the minstrels sang of doughty deed,
 Sweet songs of joy and love, sad ditto grief,
 Pronouncements of the Venerable Bede—
 Whatever happened to have been decreed
 As that day's "Gudewives' Choyce" and guaranteed
 Light relief.

In moatside pallet-sit, Aunt Æthelfryth
 Stacked draught-excluding rushes; charged her
 nieces
 Not to leave off too soon their winter fleeces;
 Bashed at a harp or gave the loom a twist,
 And at both length and random
 Reminiscenced
 About her nth great-grandam
 (Sadly missed:
Stand-in as Boadicea's chariotist)
 And how in girlhood's prime she (Æthelfryth)
 Once contemplated leaving kin and kith
 To wed at anvil of the local smith
 A knight who wore her favour in the list,
 And how they met clandestinely and kissed . . .
 (But who the gentil knight, or where the tryst—
 Whether in fact the whole thing was a myth—
 No one wist.)





"I come here for the company."

THE DEBATABLE STRATAGEM

TO tell what is black and what is white (said the law clerk) is a matter plain enough in everything but morals; which is perhaps to be explained by the human eye. For on things touching itself, mankind looks inward rather than outward and what should be naked to the sight is lapped-over with the constructions of many sorts of emotion. And to measure his neighbours, no



man has any better foot-rule than the length of his own shadow, which indeed is suited only to himself and is notoriously a vague and dubious thing. For which reason I renounce the morals of the occasion and leave the stratagems of Sara the Wern and of the goat of Nansi Top-Lane to be debated among such as have the interest.

Cousins they were—Sara, that is, and Nansi, the goat having no relationship with anything human; though for things inhuman and unnatural he had the predilections of his kind. In which category I would almost place Nansi herself, for without withdrawing from neighbourhood she dwelt in the village with the reputation of a miser, which she may have practised, and the character for necromancy, which perhaps the goat brought her. For



together they lived in a cottage on the edge of the common, the goat and she. And of the two, it was the goat that showed more concern with public affairs, wandering here and there with a nose of inquisition and eyes of scrutiny and a manner of



chewing that made comment plainer than words.

Handsome he was and dignified as a prophet, so that his scrutiny abashed both high and low. Nor was it possible to determine whether he overlooked mankind for good or ill. But that he was supernatural none would deny and that he was unpopular he doubtless would be first to claim, like many another prophet before him.

Supposition had it the animal took back report of things seen to Nansi in her cottage, for well-informed she appeared to be should any catch her chopping wood in her garden; that being the only time or place words could be got out of her, but then only if the goat permitted, he supervising all that came with the manifestation of his horns. He was a forbidding beast and yet did it with a sort of condescension so that you chafed more at his superiority than at the arguments which supported it.

And it was remarked the goat would traipse most often around the end of the Wern where Sara lived, the last lane of the village running

to the common, a step from the cottage.

Money there had been in the family in the better times of past generations and Nansi doubtless had a bit put by. But putting-by was no occupation for Sara the Wern, so that while Nansi lived poor who maybe was rich, Sara lived rich enough to be worth nothing and managed from hand to mouth in a way that was as much open to public comment as the manner of Nansi with her goat.

The two of them had gone some way in years but they had an uncle who by the natural progress of time had advanced even further in that direction. The family fortune had rested mostly with him and it had prospered in his business of grocering somewhere in some English town. Accordingly, when he wrote to the pair of them saying that, being retired some time and turning his thoughts to the future, he would come to visit them both, speculation went wild through the place. Sara it was of course that spoke; and none made doubt but that he would come to determine which should have his money after him. It was matter of conversation and the laying of bets



for weeks. Yet Nansi said nothing in a way that was considered significant; and the goat went about the Wern with a motion of his beard



that expressed more notable speculation than human tongue could contrive.

And enough he had to speculate on. For while Nansi chopped her wood and scrubbed her floor bareer than ever, what must Sara do but go in for such prodigality as she could manage. Little was left for her to expand with; but in her bit of garden there were bushes that once had been rose-bushes. And the day before he was due, rose-blooms she somehow acquired and stuck them with pins on the bare briars; rumour having it the old man was fond of them.

As a stratagem, it was debatable; and as such it was debated. Nor was it more debated than in the mind of the goat, who stood with his nose through the garden rail, working his chin and doubtless weighing the moralities of it.

The congregation of eyes that accompanied the uncle, when he walked up from the Halt, was phenomenal; and the whispering and the thumbing of curtains that followed him. Solemn and sturdy he went, walking and carrying his own bag, which showed him as saving as Nansi, and with a white beard moving on his chin and a



sharp corner to his eye as if he were the goat himself, going on hind legs. So that the betting went to heavy odds on Nansi, there seeming to be



more sorts of kinship than one between them.

Yet such is the unpredictability of nature, to Sara's house the old man went, after no more than a glance at Nansi's. And smiling Sara received him, with him admiring her



roses, being short of sight; and in he went to sit at her table. And the whisper that went up from those witnessing was like wind in March. But then it was the goat intervened. For Nansi came slow-footed as if to collect him and somehow the gate fell open. And like one that had reserved judgment and execution of process for due season, he moved through. And with a gravity of deliberation, he ate the roses, one by one.

It was but a few moments till he was seen and out the old man and Sara came. And the goat stood with a rose in his mouth, admonishing, and dropped a safety-pin at the uncle's feet. For a while he and the goat stood staring at each other, working their beards together as if communication passed between them. Then with a face of final verdict the goat turned about and led him, studious, to Nansi's cottage, leaving Sara wordless on the step. And many who had blamed her now wept with her; for if there is one thing less approved than vice

successful, it is virtue too much triumphant.

Nansi was, of course, at hand, standing by her own gate now, where there were no roses nor other sign of profusion, even in her face, but only the signification of merit needing no adornment. Which might not have daunted the old gentleman in itself but that the goat, exercising his privilege, rounded on him with his horns. Nor would he budge for all the intervention of Nansi or the demonstrations of the uncle's beard against his own. Till at last in temper the old man called for his bags and stamped back to the Halt taking his intentions with him.



And how did he leave his money at last? He was wise enough in his way. He left it to the goat, his heirs, successors and assigns, with Sara and Nansi as co-trustees. For the denials of the one needed the extravagances of the other to make them tolerable, as much as Sara's prodigalities would need Nansi's sparingness to support them. And being as full of humility as of sagacity, he knew the goat had counselled him from preferring either of the women, and was the better man of the two.

And if it was bad law, it was good enough morality. For law makes distinctions, but morality leaves no distinction among any of us. Which maybe solves the mystery of the goat; and explains his lack of popularity, too.

ALUN LLEWELLYN



REUNION DINNER

Thompson



"D'you remember old Puggy Jones?"



"Yes, wasn't he the fellow who cut down all the poplars in College field?"



"No, that was old Groggy Smith."



"I thought it was old Groggy Smith that put the deadly nightshade in the soup?"



"Oh, but wasn't that old Rusty Parker?"



"Surely it was old Rusty Parker who set the College on fire my last year?"



"Not your last year—you mean the year before."



"Oh, no—that was old Batty Simpson."



"But old Batty Simpson was the fellow who flooded the Great Hall, wasn't he?"



"No, that was old Loopy Thompson, I'm almost certain."



"But it was old Loopy Thompson who put the goat in the Library."



"Oh, well, in that case I don't think I do remember old Puggy Jones."

IRRESISTIBLE ME

"HOW do you do?" I said.

"How do you do?" he said.

Smiling brightly, our hostess murmured vaguely and disappeared in the crowd.

"Er"—he cleared his throat—"do you know many people here?"

"No one," I said.

"Neither do I."

There was silence.

(Draw him out, April Joy said in "Woman's Way." Get him to talk about himself and, above all, be a good listener. If he is unresponsive, he is shy. He needs reassuring. He is probably afraid of women.)

"What do you do exactly?" I asked. "I mean, well, what do you do?"

"Well," he said, "actually, I am manager of the London branch of Smithson, Gould and Long, Ltd."

"Really?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he said.

"That sounds marvellous!" I said.

"Why?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "to be manager, I mean, to be in charge, well, it's something, isn't it?"

"Er—yes," he said.

"But what do you do?" I was getting really excited now. "I mean, what does your company do?"

"We make things," he said.

"What things?"

"All sorts of things."

"What sort of things?"

"All sorts of little things."

I laughed lightly and tapped him on the hand with my cocktail stick.

"What sort of little things?"

"Well," he said, "little metal things."

(Men really love talking about their work. When a man realizes he has a good listener he will open his heart about his work, his ambitions, his dreams.)

"Little metal things? Oh, do tell!"

"Well," he said, "paper-clips, and drawing-pins, and press-studs, and all sorts of little things."

"Oh!" I stared at him, eyes wide. "That must be terribly interesting."

"It's all right," he said.



"What made you take it up?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said.

"Well, how did you start?" I asked. "I mean, well, how did you start?"

"In a junior position," he said.

"With the same firm?"

"Yes," he said.

"And then you worked your way up! Oh, how exciting! How long have you been with the firm?"

"Oh, quite a number of years now," he said. "You were probably still at school when I started, ha, ha, ha."

"Ha, ha, ha," I said, and hit him again with my cocktail stick.

"Seriously," I said, "have you never wanted to do anything

else? I mean, like exploring, for instance?"

"No," he said.

(Every man has his dreams, and there is one woman to whom he will speak of those dreams. Be that woman.)

"Wouldn't you like to search for lost cities?" I asked.

"No," he said.

"Or conquer a mountain?"

"No," he said.

"Or write a masterpiece?"

"No," he said.

We lapsed into silence.

"Still," I said, "you love your work, don't you?"

"I suppose so," he said. Then: "Good heavens, is that the time? I shall really have to go."

And, would you believe it, he did!

MARJORIE RIDDELL

GROUP G

THIS time I am much more hopeful of passing the driving test. Eighteen months of provisional licences have made a world of difference to my motor-cycling and to my knowledge of the men who conduct the examinations. Fifth time lucky is what I say.

My one regret is that I shall have to buy another pair of "L" plates before next Friday. The old ones have weathered badly and are not now legible at the statutory distance of twenty-five yards. They are no longer road-worthy.

But I shall not discard them. There is nothing in the Highway Code—which I know backwards, in reverse—limiting the number of plates that may be carried, or preventing me from displaying two "Ls" on the front fork and two on the rear mudguard. This emphatic admission of my continuing apprenticeship should impress the examiner. The old "Ls" should underline the fact that I am a pretty experienced provisional licence-holder and an old hand at driving tests; and the new ones should prove that I am ready and willing, if necessary, to continue the struggle.

Before next Friday I shall also

make myself thoroughly conversant with the exact specifications of "L" plates. The examiner, if I know anything about him, will be unable to forgo some quip at my expense...

"Didn't know you were Welsh," he'll probably say.

"I'm not," I shall say. "Why?"

"The double 'Ls,'" he'll say, and roar with laughter.

I shall laugh, too.

"What's the other 'L' stand for?" he'll say.

"Leather, of course," I shall say, and before he has dried his eyes I shall add: "The distinguishing mark to be displayed on a motor vehicle whilst being driven by a person holding a provisional licence must be a letter 'L' at least four inches tall, three and a half inches wide and one and a half inches thick. It must be in red on a white ground at least seven inches square, though the corners of the ground may be rounded off. (Motor Vehicles (Driving Licences) Regulations, 1947: Seventh Schedule)."

That, too, should impress him: he'll see at once that I'm *trying*.

Another thing I shall do before Friday is to collect up my four rejection slips and make myself familiar with their contents. By

"rejection slips," I mean, of course, the four editions of the official "Statement of Failure to Pass Test of Competence to Drive" which have come my way since April, 1950. These documents are most useful. They do not tell me in so many words that I was ploughed in steering, de-clutching and so on, but they do say that I should "be well advised to give special attention to the items listed below which the Driving Examiner has marked." Well, before next Friday I shall give special attention to:

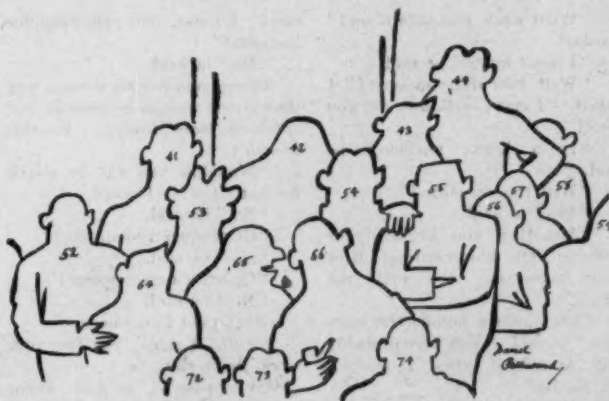
- (ii) The proper use of gears, clutch, brakes and steering control,
- (iv) Care at crossroads and road junctions,
- (v) The avoidance of "swing out" at left-hand corners,
- (viii) Alertness, and anticipation of the action of others.

Particularly alertness. There will be no repetition of my bloomer in the First Test when I invited the examiner to ride pillion, of my brush with the window-cleaner and his ladders (Second Test), of the faulty map-reading which caused me to give the examiner the slip for half an hour (Third Test), or of my unwise but well-intentioned effort to adjust the mirror while cornering (Fourth Test).

Yes, and when I have passed the test, touch-wood, I shall stifle the impulse to belabour the examiner with my accumulated spleen. Instead I shall say "Well, thanks—but it's about time I got the hang of it, isn't it?" and suggest a drink. And I shall not tear down my "L" plates and make a bonfire of my past shame: I shall transfer them to the car for which I am shortly to exchange my motor-cycle.

Once I have a licence to drive vehicles in Group G under my belt (Motor bicycles, with or without sidecar, or tricycle not equipped with means for reversing, etc.) it should be child's play to get one enabling me to drive vehicles in Group A (Heavy Locomotives, motor-cars, etc.).

A provisional licence, I hasten to add. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"I said, 'No one would ever take you for sixty-six.'"



THE VICTORIAN TURN

"HAVE you read these?" asked Purbright, new to Melbourne, waving a copy of the Victorian Road Laws.

"I did when I first came out here," said Cranmer.

"It's this turn to the right," said Purbright. "I don't see how one can do it and escape alive; and I'm to register my new car this afternoon—and achieve a driving licence."

"Ah, well," said Cranmer reminiscently. "Let's hear whether you know how it's supposed to be done."

Purbright closed his eyes. "When I want to turn right and the lights are green," he recited, "I go past them into the far left centre of the

intersection and I stop, with full right lock, curled up like a whiting." He opened his eyes and gazed at Cranmer.

"Like a whiting," repeated Cranmer, encouragingly.

"There I stay," continued Purbright, "traffic-struck, while those who are going straight on rush past my right-hand side and those who are turning left squeeze past behind me. Only when the lights change, and a green light shows from my new direction, may I uncurl and proceed." He broke off. "I've watched all this taking place," he said. "It's horrifying."

"Go on," said Cranmer.

"When I uncurl I must do so

quickly because three yellow taxis and a small lowslung green sports-tram are waiting, already uncurled behind the lights, to follow me. I must also remember that I am almost certainly not the only whiting: there are probably two others and I shall not know until it happens which of us will swirl off first." He stopped. "I don't see that it's practicable for anyone brought up on the roads of England," he said.

"Nor did I," said Cranmer.

After lunch Purbright walked slowly through the hot sun to the garage where his car was being prepared for the road. The foreman was to drive him to the place of registration and he found him, standing at the rear of the car, pulling a stud out and pushing it in. The stud had been fitted just by the cap of the petrol tank. When the foreman pulled it out, the rear light went on; and when he pushed it in, the light went out.

"What on earth is that?" asked Purbright.

"It's the law," said the foreman. "She has to have it before registration. She'll be right."

"But what's it for?" asked Purbright.

"It's an old law," said the foreman. "When the thief gets her he can't turn out the tail-light to avoid the police unless he stops and gets out."

"Suppose he knows the law and puts it out before he gets in."

"He's in a hurry, see?"

"And if the car's parked under a street-lamp with the light off," said Purbright, caught up, "I suppose he gets picked up for not having his tail-light on."

The foreman gave him a Victorian look. "Good on you," he said, "if he's not had time to turn it on before he takes her."

"Anyway," said Purbright, "I shall never remember to turn it on."

"The small boys in the street'll do that for you," said the foreman. "They keep all the tail-lights of all the cars on, day and night."



The foreman got into the driving seat and Purbright got in beside him. They drove to the place of registration, making several smooth but terrifying Turns on the way, and entered a pipe-line of new cars without number-plates. Half an hour later Purbright was standing in front of a policeman, two number-plates in his right hand and his English driving licence in his left.

"How long have you been driving?" asked the policeman.

"Seventeen years."

"In England?"

"Yes," said Purbright.

"It's a bit different here," said the policeman. He held up a copy of the Victorian Road Laws. "Have you read these?" he asked.

"Yes," said Purbright.

"How do you turn to the right?"

Purbright took a deep breath and told him. "You'll do," said the policeman and issued him with a licence. Relieved, Purbright turned to go. At the door he turned. "If you don't mind my asking," he said, "is the Turn special to Victoria, or is there anywhere else in the world that has it?"

"Nowhere," said the policeman with pride. "They don't even have it up there in New South Wales."

The foreman drove the car back to the garage and fitted the new number-plates. Edging himself into the driving seat, and fumbling for unfamiliar knobs and levers, Purbright thanked him and drove gingerly out into the bright street. On his way through the city he came to a cross-roads at which he had to turn right. Instead of a red light there was a traffic policeman with his hand up. With reluctant correctness Purbright moved delicately into the left-hand traffic lane because he was about to turn to the right, and stopped. There was a taxi in front of him and a taxi behind him. Beside the taxi in front of him was a large red lorry full of brown coal. This coal now blotted out the policeman. Purbright sat still, shivering slightly in spite of the heat. His engine stalled and he tried to start it again, first with the windscreen-wiper knob and then,



*"It's bad enough you all wanting something different
—you might at least remember what you ordered."*

successfully, with the starter. Beyond the lorry he caught glimpses of Victorian Turns taking place against him, as in a looking glass. His engine stalled again and at once taxis and lorry began to move. He went through his starting routine and jerked forward, windscreen wipers weaving across dry glass. He followed the taxi ahead into the far left corner of the intersection. The taxi curled up; he curled up across the tram-lines near the taxi; and the taxi behind curled up near him.

There they waited, caught in an eddy, only their front wheels showing where they intended to go. The driver of the taxi behind shouted something at Purbright. The brown-coal lorry, grinding slowly past, shouted the same thing. Purbright could not hear what they said. He began to shiver again, and looked all round him. Surely he was in the right place at the right time. He reached for his road-laws. A tram, waiting to follow him, rang its bell. He looked up. The taxis had uncurled and were off ahead of him. The tram rang its bell again and looked daggers at him. He turned to the policeman who was now

standing with arms outstretched and palms turned up and outwards. This meant only scarecrows to Purbright. The policeman undid one of his arms and waved him on. He uncurled and went forward. As he passed, the policeman shouted at him. It sounded like the other shouts. Purbright stopped. The policeman came up to him from behind, panting in the heat.

"Your—" the policeman stopped. "It's not raining out here," he said aggrievedly. Purbright pushed in the windscreen-wiper knob. "What have I done wrong?" he asked, a catch in his voice. "Nothing," said the policeman. "Your tail-light was on. I turned it off for you as I came up." He smiled.

Purbright's shoulders suddenly relaxed themselves. He smiled back. "Thank you," he said, and, followed closely by his tram, he drove confidently away.

"That Turn," he said to Cranmer the next day. "Rather a sound road-law, you know. This idea of waiting twice at the lights—very safe, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Cranmer.



"Good heavens! Why down here we've had more snow than we've known what to do with."



"Help!"



"Would you mind waving your arms, or something? This is a cine-camera."

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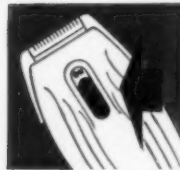
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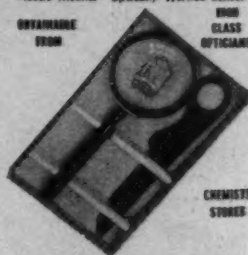
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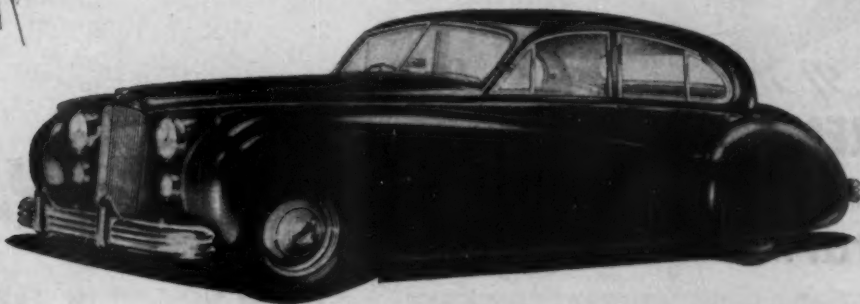
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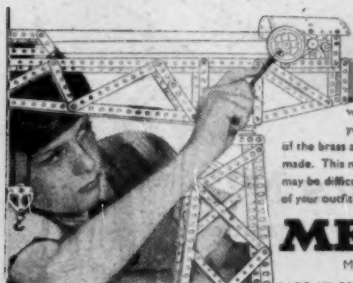
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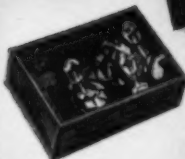
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